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ANGEL VOICES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We can hear them in the clang
And the jar of crime and trade,
Hungs the sons of morning sang
When time's *corner-stone* was laid;
Yes! we hear them evermore,
In the pauses of the strife,
Hinting of a deathless shore,
And a crowned immortal life!

Stern Progression's thunderous march
Cannot drown the higher strains,
Chanted 'neath the awful arch
For our losses and our gains;
Stunned against the stony wall
Of death's old-time mystery,
Generations rise, and fall,
Like a windy desolate sea.

We have gained the higher slopes
Of the newer, better times—
But the green hills' flowery tops
Hint of further, purple climes!
And alas! the mystics sweet,
That have won our brow from pain,
Climb, and blossom at our feet,
On the valleys roofed with rain!

Bruised by our ancient fall
From the starry heights of God,
We are poets, feeling all
That was lost in human blood!
Feeling inly, that, *to be*,
Even through a life undone,
Is far nobler than to lie
From nonentity unwon!

We are prophets of the truth,
And the world's touch cannot strain
That which glorifies our youth
From the old abuse of pain.
Far below us, in the vale,
Lemma a dark and thorny cross,
Vine-like clasped, with the pale
Colour heavy human loss.

From the shadow, where we cried
With our faces on the sod,
We have gained the sunny side,
Full into the smile of God!
So they haunt us, evermore,
In the pauses of the strife,
Voices, from the starry shore
Of a crowned immortal life!

Gleams of fragrant Mays that shine
Where the world's dust falleth not—
Lights, like golden seas of wine,
Inling many a sinless spot—
Revelations are, whereby
We are made to understand
Life's and death's great mystery—
And the mystery beyond!

Yes! our babes with folded hands—
Safe from any change, or time—
Of the rare and radiant lands
Are a prophecy sublime!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Original Novelet.

TORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

Books upon books have been written to make
wise, and will, I suppose, continue to be
litten till the end of time for the same pur-
se, but, after all, our most effective knowge is the growth of experience, and our best
ter, though a hard one, is suffering. They
painful ordeals that teach poets to sing,
anthropists to *feel* the humanity they preach,
proud to be meek, and the weakest of us
to say to the great enemy, "I am not
id."

fy parents were not rich, but in circumstan-
comfortable and respectable—our home was
the country, and from my school-days I had
ver, who was good enough and wise enough
me, but I could not discern the happiness
t lay right within my grasp, and experience
ist therefore take me aside into a waste place,
d I must suffer back in order to a right ap-
ciation of my blessings.

My brain was haunted with visions of my
nt Laura's gay caps and dresses—of her
se in town, and of the fine lady I might be-
me if I could but live with her, and instead
milking, learn to sew, as she did, for I sup-
sed her occupation of shirt-making entitled
r to an enviable position in society.

Our old well-sweep came to look very vulgar
my eyes; to buy water by the barrel as she
d, would be decidedly aristocratic I thought.
In short, it was my ambition to live with her
ear my hair in papers of nights, and in curl
the day long, beautify my feet with slippers
ad silk stockings—perfect myself in stitch-
, and be a little somebody! My estimate
legant leisure demanded nothing that was
to be found beneath the shed roof of my
t Laura's little frame house, and within the
patch of ground called a door-yard. Our
d meadows and orchards were nothing in
of elegance to that diminutive grass-plot,
its gravel walk, two pots of flowers, and
peach tree. Our old-fashioned porch, with
shadows of morning-glory vines, was rustic,
therefore unlovely in my eyes, while my
nt Laura's painted door with its iron knocker
my special admiration.

If anything further were requisite to es-
blish the gentility of my relative, the straw
at at her door, and the caged canary that took
rings beneath her chamber window would
ve proven all sufficient. However, I never
estioned her pretensions, and they, to say
least, were considerably above her merits.
rily, if we elbow our way with sufficient tact
may sometimes get before our modest bet-
s.

When I was about sixteen years old, I went
n the lane one night to bring home the
s, which was one of my daily tasks, and, as
not unusual with me, in a fit of miserable
g.

have some faint recollection of the great
glory that came through the tree-tops on
western sky, and blent leaves and stars, and
nd and clouds into one brilliant mass, but
not understand that it was a picture our
God had made for us, and would quickly have turned my thankless eyes to the smiling image of a lady whose red cheeks and golden hair were my young admiration, and who, sheltered beneath a pane of glass, and framed in mahogany, hung directly facing all visitors above my Aunt Laura's parlor mantle shelf.

Slow is the growth of appreciation of *what* is excellent, as well as *of* the excellent. I remember of seeing two birds swinging together on an elm bough, and singing to one another, but I did not stop to hear them, and of the very way the cattle were strung up the hills, and how green and thick the young corn was growing by the lane side, and yet it was not till years after that I saw through memory the rich magnificence and wonderful beauty of all that lay right about me that summer sunset-time.

I had made my walk longer than need required, and the leaves of the thick growing maples were murmuring lullabies over my head when I stood still, not to listen to the owls already hooting in the shadows along the hollow, but to avoid meeting Archibald Ludlam whom I saw sauntering abstractedly along the slope of the hill. As I made haste to climb the fence that divided me from the field where the cattle were, my foot slipped, and I fell among briers, scratching one hand and my face. I was angry, more because Archibald had seen my fall than because of the injury I had sustained, and I pulled away from his arms as he lifted me up, and thanked him in an ungracious way that seemed to say I did not thank him at all.

"Well, dear Caty," he said, tenderly stooping over me and parting away the briers with his bare hands, "I don't blame you at all for being a little angry with the naughty things." He would have wiped the blood from my face as he spoke, but I put his hands rudely away, and said it was not the briers I was vexed with. He did not seem to understand as I wished him to, that it was himself I was displeased with, but almost forcing me to lean upon him, led me to a mossy seat hard by, soothing and comforting me all the time, or trying to do so, for in truth whatever he said or did was alike irritating to me.

I said I was badly hurt as some excuse for my bad behavior, and when he showed something of the interest and pity he felt, I grew still more indignant, and said I did not desire pity from him nor from any one. I was not seriously hurt, and begged that he would not allow himself to be any longer detained by me.

If he understood me he affected not to do so, and replied that he was on the road to my father's house, and that the accidental meeting had anticipated his pleasure.

We were seated near together, and as he said this he put his arm about me, and looked in my face as if in expectancy of reading pleasure there. He read none, for I was annoyed by his presence and his manner. Who was Archibald Ludlam, that he should dare put his arm about me, and gaze in my face, after such fashion! Why, to me he was a boy, the son of our poor neighbor, John Ludlam, and he was nothing more. He had misspelled words at school many a time, that I might go above him in the class; many a time he had scratched his hands to pick berries for me—or risked his neck to climb for nuts; but what of all that? His attentions were taken as matters of course, and as he grew into manhood, their tenderer manifestation became disagreeable. When I could do so, I would excuse myself from seeing him, but when I could not, I sometimes took pleasure in showing him how impossible it was that he could be anything to me.

The evening I speak of, I was in my most unamiable mood, and when Archibald besought me to sit for a little while beside him, and listen to something very important to his future happiness, I replied that I had not time—that I must take home the cows. And when he said he would drive them home for me—meaning to indicate that he would go with me, I answered that I was obliged to him, and that I should be delighted to remain alone, and take up the pleasant musing which my falling in with him had interrupted. There came a look of beseeching despair into his young, fair face, as he cried, seizing my hands,

"Dear Caty, one minute then, only one."

"Certainly," replied I, "if that will do you any good."

And freeing my hands from his, I loosened a bright patch of moss from the ground, and with all my thoughts apparently intent upon it, began deliberately picking it to pieces.

"Dear Caty," he repeated, nervously, catching at my apron strings—

"My name," I said, coldly, and without lifting my eyes, "is Catharine."

He answered I should have been named ice.

I liked that better, I replied, than dear Caty, as he emphasised it. He remained silent for a little while; his fingers twitching nervously, sometimes at the strings of my apron, sometimes at nothing. I could not bear to see him suffer in silence, and with a sort of kindly cruelty, turned the arrow with which I had transfixed his heart.

I reminded him that I had not only given him one minute, but many, and that as he had not availed himself of them, I supposed it was needless that I should remain longer.

It was growing quite dusky now in the woods, and the leaves whispering to the winds, made a delious murmur that was soothing and softening to the heart.

I hardly know how Archibald began or how he ended, but warped in and through sentences that said plainly I was cold and cruel, and he with no one to care for him in the world, and no one that ever would or could care, stood out the intimation that he loved me, and the hope that I would sometime be his wife. I still kept picking at my moss all the same as if only the wind had been blowing in the trees above my head; and when he tremblingly requested my answer, I kept pulling at the moss all the same; and when dropping on one knee, he exclaimed, "Oh, why don't you speak to me! why don't you answer me?" I replied, rising, and carelessly shaking the moss from my apron, "Answer you. Why what have you been saying? excuse me, but I did not hear a word." His parted lips shut together with more firmness than they had ever closed till then; and the eyes that had looked so earnestly into mine, suddenly introverted their gaze—his pale cheek flashed with a color that was mingled of pride and anger and shame, as, passing his hand over his coming beard, he drew himself up to his full height, and turned away.

I was confident of my power—and when he would have left me I used it, and kept him. My pride was humiliated when I saw him leaving me of his free will, so I coquettishly caught him back, that I might at pleasure toss him off my hands.

Whatever has twined itself in and out among our heartstrings, must be slowly and carefully undone, and no harsh violence can wrench it at once away.

Archibald assisted me to take home the cows, and afterwards at the milking, and when the work was done and we walked in the moonlight he dilated with a boy's enthusiasm on the happy life he would lead when he should be rich enough to own a little farm, and old enough to marry, and in a voice that thrilled all his own soul, if it failed to stir mine, he described the woman whom he could devote all his life to—nay, a thousand lives if he had them—need I say who that woman was?

When we sat on the stile that led to the garden, he placed himself two steps below me, as if unworthy to sit by my side; and for his humility I half despised him. I was too much of a simpleton and too little of a woman to see how good and honest and worthy he was, and to recognize in the boyish hopefulness and credulity the firmer reliance and larger truthfulness of manhood.

I saw only a gawky youth, named Archibald Ludlam, and in his personality I saw him but indistinctly, I rather saw his habiliments than himself. I saw his coarse leather shoes, and the dangling of the leather strings that tied them—saw his bare ankles, and his short, linsey trowsers—his home-made straw-hat, garnished with a piece of cotton tape, and that his shirt sleeves were not of the finest quality—for poor Archibald wore no coat—the very fashion of his hair seemed ungraceful, and the short cutting of his nails an indication of poverty and vulgarity. Poor Archibald, how much I wronged him, and how much I wronged myself.

I remember we talked of names, and he inquired how I liked his. I replied that so far from liking, I disliked it, and if it were mine I should go where no one knew me and change it to anything I happened to think of.

"Perhaps I will," he answered thoughtfully, and bowing his head almost to my feet, continued, "do you think you would like me any better if I should?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, carelessly; "I like you well enough."

A long story Archibald proceeded to tell me of how he might go away off somewhere, and very pathetic he grew in working up the dark imaginings of evil chances that might befall him—of drowning deaths in great floods, and of slow pining in some lonesome garret, with no one who cared for him to see him die, or shed one tear over his stranger's grave.

I think he almost wished that some bad fortune might befal him, and that I might know it and at last be sorry.

If he entertained such wishes, he received little encouragement to them in my behavior, for when his sad romance should have been most touching, I affected to fall asleep. Poor dear Archibald, it took years to teach me that his was a pretty name, and that the simple, healthful life he had depicted embraced the best happiness I should ever know.

When we parted, he said perhaps he should never see me again, and he held my hand as if he could not let me go. I withdrew it most unsentimentally, I fancy, saying—

"Well, suppose you should not—what of it?"

"Nothing, nothing of it," he replied, and reluctantly and sadly resigned my hand.

Years afterward I appreciated what he felt that night.

"Catherine will never be much help to you, will she, mother?" I heard my father say to my mother, one day, as I stood trying to churn with one hand while I read a book, which I held with the other.

"Poor Caty," answered she, "I wish we could arrange to send her to town with her Aunt Laura, for awhile, and have her go to school some and learn to sew. She is not strong enough for the hard work she has to do, and besides she don't like it."

How wildly my heart beat, and how eagerly I put in my plea to be allowed to go, just for a little while.

The noise of the streets would be such music for me, I thought, and I was so weary of the long, deep silence that reigned about our quiet house.

Perhaps, if he could sell the brindle calf and a load or two of hay, my father said they might manage to let me go for awhile—they would see; and, going to my chamber, I began to rummage the drawers, and to select from my wardrobe—scanty enough, to be sure—such articles as I thought might serve me in town.

If I could have looked into my aunt's heart just then my own ardor must have been considerably dampened, for I would have seen there most selfish and unwomanly scheming. I would have seen her replying to her own father who had entreated her attentions for his last days, that she was too poor and her health too feeble to warrant the undertaking of the journey to him, but that my father and mother were healthy and well to do, and would find a visit to him pleasure as well as duty. I should have seen her demand this reasonable service of them, and I should also have seen her, with hypocritical humility, beg that her widowhood and poverty might be remembered in his last will and testament, when himself should be gathered, like a shock of corn fully ripe, to a more blessed inheritance.

Ah me! I did not see this, nor the plan she devised to secure my services, meantime, by converting me into a sewing-machine.

On the contrary, I believed the best fortune had befallen me when the stage coach stopped at our door one evening, and, benignant with smiles and blessings my aunt alighted. She was come for pure love of us all, to be sure, and the big basket on her arm was to bring her clean cap and handkerchief, and with no expectation of being returned full of butter and potatoes.

She flattered my mother by eating freely of her cream and peaches, and by praising me with assurances that in her hands I would become quite a lady.

I was to have in addition to the school, her own instruction, and that of good Mr. Vatier, the rector, who she was sure would superintend my French. The delight of my society would be such a sweet solace and comfort to her, and at any moment my dear parents needed me my loving aunt must give me up!

Not a word was said of the *machine* I was to be converted into, not a word of the summons my parents were to receive from the sick bed of my grandfather, and tearfully grateful to the selfish woman, my unselfish mother made preparations for my departure. How happy I was in that preparation; to live with my Aunt Laura, I thought was to be quite on the verge of Heaven.

Her house was a good deal less, and altogether less comfortable than ours, but then it was so genteel, and what was vulgar comfort to that!

I had a childish fancy that the broad lace of her collar, and the sweet ribbon that ornamented her cap, came of themselves, or simply by virtue of her living in town, and that all raiment, food, and in fact, whatever else cost us toil and trouble in the country, were evoked by the same magical influence. Experience together with that severe master I spoke of and complimented in the opening of this story, taught me I had labored under a slight misapprehension.

I must learn for myself what it was to live in town after my aunt's fashion, and but for the actuality I should to this day have been a miserable dissatisfied woman.

By little and little I must penetrate beneath the sweet smiling and soft acquiescence that made my aunt's surface, to the intense selfishness and unswerving purpose underlying these pretty lies. I must skim off for myself the over gracious cream that rose to the top of her pan, and see how thin and blue the milk was beneath.

With my own hands I must dissever honesty from the snake-like looping over and writhing between obstacles, although the one came out smiling and sleek as the other.

No one was ever permitted to see my aunt's face except in that glossy and beautiful mask that won my young admiration.

Nor was her dress ever more discomposed than her countenance—her lace was real lace, and her calico real calico—that is, it was of the best quality, and so made as to appear more stylish than my mother's silk.

She had the faculty of stretching the little knowledge she possessed a great way, and of bordering that little most facinatingly with what she appeared to know. She had the art too of putting a kind of invisible hook into what her neighbor said, and making it seem to be her own.

Indeed it was not unusual for the defrauded to fall of recognizing the emanations of their own brains when they issued from her mouth.

She was always proposing to do a great deal for my mother, but her actual doing was limited to the crimping of cap-borders, and the giving of advice that embraced such impracticable suggestions as that we should dine at five instead of twelve o'clock—dress for the ceremony, and be a little genteel, though the milking was to come afterwards, and ourselves were to do it!

She called my mother sweet names, and was profuse in good wishes for her, and for these things, simply. She was used to go away from our house with bags and baskets filled to overflowing, and yet my poor mother felt herself greatly in her relative's debt.

But I must not linger—let it suffice that my aunt took me home with her, laden with the usual number of bags and baskets, all filled with articles for her special benefit.

My parents were more than ever indebted to her now that she had enticed from them their only daughter to make her learn to love all things most alien to their wishes, and to despise the humble and harmless life to which she was born.

I am ashamed to own I shed not a single tear when my mother kissed my cheek, and said in faltering tones I must not quite forget her in the fine life I was going to lead.

I was in fact dizzy with the sensation of a new world opening before me—home, relatives, myself as I had been, Archibald Ludlam and everything else receded from the moment it became certain I was to live in town with my Aunt Laura. She affected to see excellence and beauty in everything, and when we passed by the house where Archibald's father lived, she was struck with admiration: "There" she exclaimed, "is a nice, smart, old lady at one of the windows, and the young man at the door is very handsome—he should come to town." I looked round and saw Archibald waving his old straw hat most energetically, and bending toward me in his eagerness, as if I should be any more likely to recognize him for the vehemence of his gestures. I saw him, but I affected not to see him, and without having made any recognition of him, turned my face another way. Years afterward the hateful memory of that disdainful action came back to me and weighed my poor bowed heart almost to the earth.

It seems to me that the righteous awards made us by Providence, even here, are sufficient to convince the veriest aceptic that a just hand holds the balance.

It was night when we reached town, for our home was fifty miles away, and I was tired enough, and my poor father, who had driven us, was tired, too, as I know now, so that when we alighted it was with difficulty we could stand or walk.

If my aunt were tired I know not—she appeared as cheerful and nimbly graceful as ever. As my father and I were busy getting our baggage out of the wagon, and carrying it down the gravelled walk toward the house, some one whom I could not distinctly see, accosted my aunt, and they entered the yard together. Having unlocked the kitchen door, and directed us to set our things down there, and to wait there ourselves till she came, she returned to the parlor, where her guest was. And oh! how long it seemed to me she stayed there.

My poor tired father leaned his head against the hard jamb, and fell a-dozing, while I, unable to keep an upright position any longer, lay down on the carpet, and rested my head on the step leading into the parlor. My aunt's tones had never seemed to me so sweetly honied as they did then—never, never! When I remembered that I had never before heard her converse in town, I supposed the sweetness was the result of her breathing her native atmosphere, and put down the fact as another evidence of the advantages awaiting me.

What I could hear her say was mostly comprised in such sentences as, "No, Mr. Vatier," and "Yes, Mr. Vatier," and "I should think so, Mr. Vatier," and "Certainly, Mr. Vatier," "By all means, Mr. Vatier," and the like.

Upon the name she lingered with an inexpressible unction, that seemed to say, blessed am I among women, to be allowed to pronounce your name, and blessed are you to have the name you have, and to be the man you are, and blessed are things in general, and this occasion in particular. I thought my aunt laughed more than circumstances seemed to demand, but this I supposed was the fashion in town, and I thought, too, I heard her say one or two things that were not exactly true, but this might be the "fashion in town," for anything I knew to the contrary. Indeed I have since been rather confirmed in the suspicion I then had, that insincerity was the fashion in town.

When he arose to go, I thought he called her Laura—I was surprisedly and strangely assured of it, indeed, and that he kissed her, and spoke with some authoritative severity when she entreated him to remain longer.

"I have already," he concluded, "detained you from your friends too long—so good-night, without more ado."

I did not hear all my aunt's reply, it was so smothered in sweetness, but I very distinctly understood her to mention my father, my dear, good father, as *the man* who brought her from the country. Suddenly I was wide awake, and sat upright, quite forgetting that I was tired.

When my aunt appeared it was as if she swam in oil, so gracefully and so softly she came.—She had been talking with the good rector, she said to my father, about our darling Kate. I had not heard one word about myself, and for the first time in my life I questioned my relative's assertion.

And here let me say I had taken my position at the parlor door without a thought except of my comfort, and that my aunt could say any thing which I should not be perfectly at liberty to hear, I had not the remotest idea.

We went to bed supperless, my poor father and I. My aunt thought it best for our health that we should not eat that night. A late supper, when tired and hungry, had never been detrimental in the country, but perhaps it would be in town; so, silent, if not reconciled, I lay down on a hard mat which my aunt spread on the floor for me, and beneath the petticoat which was made to serve for a coverlet, suspicion crept lightly, and made the covering seem more scanty, and the bed harder than it would have been. And so in a garret, my head pillowed on my aunt's workbox, and my bare feet making the acquaintance of a number of sociable mosquitoes, I spent my first night in town. Afterwards I spent many nights where the inward torment would have made me altogether unconscious of the bloodsuckers at my feet, and the wooden pillow at my head.

I was up betimes in the morning, and on descending to the kitchen, found my father asleep in the chair where I had left him, his head still resting on the table.

Two hours or more we passed in going up and down the genteel door-yard, looking at the early cartmen and marketmen as they passed along the street. At last, fearing my aunt might be dead, I stole softly to her room, and peeped within the door. A great soft pillow was beneath her head, and another at her feet, and she was sweetly and harmoniously asleep!

She came down at last, bright and smiling as if she had only begun to smile that day—kissed my cheek, and said the naughty mosquitoes ought to be ashamed to have treated me so uncivilly, and that she would see to it that they never did it again. My father's rough, hard hand she held between her own soft ones, and pressed very tenderly, asking him how he had passed the night, and hoping he was quite recovered from the effects of yesterday's journey.

I was despatched to the market with a very genteel basket in one hand, and a shilling in the other—the latter to be exchanged for two potatoes, two radishes, one egg and a loaf of bread.

When I returned, I found the table spread, and a coffee-pot that would hold a pint, perhaps, steaming on a pot of coals, which the next-door neighbor had kindly lent, over the fence.

For that time the novelty in part made amends for the scantiness of the fare. The economy of my aunt's provision had been so extreme that it had the effect of abundance; for who could touch the one egg, or the two radishes, when there were three of us? the potatoes were not boiled, owing to the limited period of time the good neighbor could lend the pot of coals.

My eyes were not dry when I said good-by to my father, and almost wished I was not to live in town for a year, but pride, which helps us through all severest trials, helped me then, and with a heart heavier than it had ever been in the world, I said I was very happy, and saw him go away.

That day I sat in the chamber with the front windows closely shut, and sewed, and sewed, and sewed.

My aunt's cap, (it was only a little cloud of lace and flowers,) lay on a clean towel conveniently at hand, and her best slippers close by, and when the tap of the knocker was heard, she called from the back window to the back window of the next-door neighbor, and borrowed a small negro girl who officiated as general housekeeper, washer, ironer, &c., in the establishment of the said neighbor, and was lent out by the half hour to my aunt, in consideration, chiefly, I am led to believe, of the sweetness of her voice and smile.

The borrowed girl admitted the visitor, and with a remarkable shrewdness and insight made known to my aunt what quality he or she might be of. Whereupon the little cloud of lace was adjusted, the slippers slipt on, and, with fringes brushed carefully away, my aunt descended, neat, and fresh as from the bath, and grinning with the honor and favor and delight that had been generally conferred upon her, the borrowed girl would return to her blind shed, and her pot of coals.

My aunt was perhaps thirty-five, though she seemed younger—her habit of smiling had kept her forehead smooth—from time, as from the world, she had evoked gentle treatment, and the beauty nature had bestowed on her she had not only preserved, but heightened to that degree of elegance and refinement, which is, after all, the most charming beauty. She sang well, and was an excellent listener, and, as I said before, a most adroit appropriator of the knowledge of other people. She was a widow, and childless, and I may say too, penniless, except for the earnings of her needle.

Any other woman, in her situation, would have had her name on a tin sign at the door, announcing her dexterity in plain sewing—not so my Aunt Laura.

How it was I cannot well explain, but she stood in a wavy cloud of beautiful uncertainty, and represented an invisible seamstress. Her employers were her *friends*, and for none but persons of the first respectability, and I may add, of wealth, too, would she condescend to sew.

When any lady, who had the happiness to know her, desired to have something made requiring extreme neatness, she put on her best hat and called upon Mrs. Holcom, (that was my aunt's name,) and sent up her friendly card by the aforementioned borrowed girl.

Of course the lady never came to *hire* sewing; ostensibly, she came to make a social call, because she so loved my dear aunt, and, after some confidential conversation, she would happen to name her necessity of having a little sewing done—if my aunt could tell of any neat person, she would so much oblige her, the thought had suggested itself to her that it might be possible she should know of such a person. There was a marked difference in the circumlocution of the applicant, and the number and elaboration of her apologies, for they were invariably graduated by the height of her house, and apologies ranged from one to five stories.

There were one or two plainish persons who lived in cottages, to whom I have known my aunt acknowledge, that she really knew a sewing woman, and that she could without doubt secure the accomplishment of their wishes; but for the most part she was doubtful of her ability to serve her friends. She would inquire, and it would be her pleasure to convey to them any intelligence she might obtain that was likely to serve them.

Once or twice I have known her to send away persons who came in coaches, and dared bring their bundles with them, positively asseverating that she herself was in need of just such a seamstress as they were in search of, and begging that she might be allowed to know of the sewer if a desirable one were found. And this, too, when we had no bread nor meat. Upon these occasions we dined with friends in whose neighborhood my aunt happened to be on business connected with her annuity, a provision, by-the-bye, of which I never heard at any other time.

Generally, by some tacit understanding, bundles were sent in after dark, and my aunt never went outside the little low-roofed chamber to inquire for a sewing woman.

The lady friends were always pleased with the stitching done for them, and begged the favor of my aunt to transmit for them the payment, which was sure to be liberal. Sometimes when we visited our patrons, for we did visit them, they would produce the very identical articles ourselves had made, and demand our scrutiny and admiration.

In relating these peculiarities of our manner of life, I have suffered two or three months of my life in town to go by in silence, for it was thus long before my rusticity was sufficiently toned down to admit of my seeing my aunt's friends. Meantime, my father, having sold the brindle calf, and its mother too, had advanced the money to secure my instruction at school, but having consulted with the rector, my aunt concluded it was best for *my* interest, to make all my recitations to him. A naked body, he asserted, was a greater scandal than an uncultivated mind—and a part of my educational funds were disposed of agreeably to this conviction, and a part justly appropriated (in view of her services to me) by my aunt. What pains she took with my toilet when I was to be presented to the rector. My hair was arranged with a childish simplicity, and my dress contrived with low neck and short sleeves, to heighten my juvenile appearance, although the effect was more pleasing to herself than to me, who was too recently come into womanhood to be willing to bate one jot of its dignity.

I was introduced as "our little Caty." Mr. Vatier rose languidly, put one arm about my waist, kissed my cheek, and said I was really quite a little beauty; this was rather addressed to my aunt than myself, and she replied that

through his instruction she had great hopes of me.

"Ah, yes, yes," soliloquised the rector, "she is quite a little beauty," and drawing me almost to his knee, and playing with one of my hands as though it had been his watch-ribbon, he inquired how old I was, and whether I liked to live in town, and if my aunt were not a very disagreeable and ill-natured woman.

Feeling that I was expected to consider the last remark very funny, I affected to laugh, and most heartily contradicted the jocose rector's suggestion. I trembled a little, partly for fear I should not properly demean myself, and partly that he kept his arm so closely about me.

"Poor frightened child," he said, speaking to my aunt, and smoothing my hair at the same time, "we must give her a new name; let me see, Woodbird, Woodbird! that will do, for her eyes look like a bird's, and she comes straight from the woods."

I know not what to say, or how to reply to so unexpected a reception, except to drop into the place assigned me. I could not, however, try as I would, feel a child's indifference to his caressing manner, and was most heartily glad when my aunt relieved me from my embarrassing position.

I don't know why, but I did not feel quite at liberty to sit on a chair in the presence of my aunt and the rector, and drawing a stool to the window farthest from them I busied myself with one of the books that had been selected for my study. The almost sleepy eyes of the rector turned toward me some times, but I could scarcely tell whether they saw me or not; the placid illumination that beautified his face seemed to originate within, and to be neither augmented nor decreased by any outward circumstance; he was a curious study to me for that evening, and continued so, in some sort, to the end of his tutorship.

His eyes were blue, small, and twinkling, you were not quite sure whether from sleeping or shrewdness, and his face had the fullness and rosiness of a baby's, together with all the innocency. His teeth were good, but scarcely seen from the firmness with which the lips closed over them—his hands might have served a sculptor as models, and his hair was silken in softness, and in color between flax and yellow.

The lowness and sweetness of his voice, it seemed to me, contradicted the power of occasional utterances.

His position in the church was not only influential, but one not likely to be secured without the possession of high talents, and a fact, which the general bearing of the Rev. James Vatier in no wise indicated. The extreme neatness, even elegance of his dress, bore no relation to pride, evidently, but was simply the natural requirement of exceeding refinement.

Whatever his penetration, he never suspected, I am sure, that my aunt had any acquaintance with a sewing woman. To him she was a pious and pleasing gentlewoman of nice but simple tastes and habits, who lived on a small annuity provided by her deceased and ever lamented husband.

He had risen to take leave, in fact shaken hands with my aunt, thus implying that he had no more to do with her, when he appeared to be once more conscious of my presence, and drawing a chair near me placed one hand on the window sill, crossed my neck with his arm, and otherwise so disposed of his person as to quite fence me in.

He turned over my books, using my lap as a table, identified himself with me by saying *we*, instead of you or I, as for instance, "We shall like this study, shan't we? We shall get along nicely—we are disposed to give our whole attention to improvement, and we hardly expect our friends to recognise us after a year's severe application. How old are we? to begin with."

"Well, Woodbird," he concluded, "the morning after to-morrow, at precisely nine o'clock, I shall hope to see you at the rectory."

And slipping his soft hand from my hair, where it had rested while he was speaking, he shook hands with my chin, and said *we* would arrange our first lessons then.

Why a visit to the rectory was necessary for the arranging of my lessons I could not clearly understand—it seemed to me it might as well have been done that evening, but as my teacher was not only a rector, but also lived in town, his decision was of course most wise and exemplary.

There was a great deal of preparation for that first visit to the rectory—my aunt must accompany me—new gloves were to be had, and a fresh ribbon for her bonnet—we had no money, and how these were to be obtained was a consideration of the highest importance.

Finally, after the old gloves had been examined time and again, I was directed to attire myself in my most becoming costume, and to bear to a lady friend who had left a bundle of sewing work with us, a note, which I innocently supposed suggested a necessity on the part of my aunt.

When I delivered it to our lady friend she read it smilingly as I had not expected her to do, for to most of us it is not a pleasant thing to be asked to pay money. But she smiled to my astonishment, and begged that I would say to my aunt she was most happy to accept the invitation. Seeing my bewildered look, I suppose, she read the note aloud, and to my surprise it was an invitation to her to drink tea with us, and that on the evening after the morning we were to visit the rectory.

By some subtle influence, the nature of which I cannot comprehend, our lady friend received the requisite impression, and as I was about retiring, besought me to remain for one moment, saying she would trouble me to bear her written message, she believed.

The billet contained acceptance of my aunt's invitation, and also a note to the amount of our friend's indebtedness, which she begged my aunt would transmit to the proper hands.

Our larder was in a meagre condition—we had already subsisted for many days chiefly on the fumes of our next door neighbor's kitchen, a regimen under which I drooped and fell a-moping, but my aunt seemed to thrive even more than ordinarily, for this airy diet was made substantial to her by the fact that nobody knew, nor even suspected the vast extent to which the visionary annuity was thinned out.

The morning she had seemed to think so big with fate came at last, and I awoke to the sound of my aunt's favorite anthem—"The cheeks of my love are like apples."

She was already dressed and at her favorite occupation, which was the darning together of some bits of old yellow lace, and the hum and stir of this dim speck that men call earth, were altogether forgotten. At length, when I had repeatedly called her attention to the unmitigated abstinence of the last few days, she manifested some vague consciousness, and without lifting her eyes from her work, said,

"Excuse me, my darling, you are waiting orders for breakfast, arn't you?"

It pleased my relative to give out orders, even though she gave them to me; indeed, I have sometimes known her to address them to invisible servitors, and execute the commissions herself.

Upon this occasion the orders were brief enough, and their execution required only that I should re-make the last night's tea on the borrowed pot of coals—lay the table cloth and arrange the china and silver; for without a silver fork and china tea-cup it would have been utterly impossible for my aunt to partake of the most sumptuous repast.

We breakfasted chiefly on the prospective pleasure before us, the re-made tea, two stale crackers, and one potato rounding up the entire bill of our fare.

My aunt's smile was as bright as her new ribbon—her gloves matched the color of her mantle, and fitted her hand better than its natural skin, and my parasol she kindly relieved me of, inasmuch as my hands were employed with my books.

The elasticity of her step was alike my wonder and admiration as she went along.

Suddenly as we turned the corner of the street, we encountered a tangled knot of men and boys, bareheaded mostly, and in a high state of excitement; half a-dozen of the younger sort addressed us at once, communicating the intelligence that a man had just been killed, and dilating with a sort of horrible gusto on the shocking particulars. I caught sight of a ghastly face and of a bloody hand, which the poor sufferer was shaking in the air, as if he could thereby loosen it from pain.

My aunt drew me hastily along, saying, "Don't, my darling, don't waste your sympathy; it brings an expression to your face which quite spoils your beauty;" and turning aside from the rectory, now fully in sight, she conducted me to a conservatory in a neighboring street, where she spent two shillings for a bouquet of flowers, which she said might serve to divert my thoughts and dissipate the unbecoming expression I had suffered to cloud my face. "Most unfortunate for us, most unfortunate!" she repeated many times, as if the brunt of the misfortune had fallen upon us, and the miserable man who had been maimed for life or crushed headlong into eternity, severing holiest and tenderest ties as he went, had nothing in common with our humanity.

The church-bell ceased ringing as we approached the rectory—and the old woman, who opened the door to us, said ill-naturedly enough, that the rector was at morning prayers.

My aunt said we had an appointment with him, and begged the old woman to present the flowers, (which she took from my hand) together with her compliments. Our names she mentioned as Mrs. Holcom and her little niece.

"Oh, I got something for you!" exclaimed the old woman, dabbling one hand toward me, and retreating at the same time. She returned directly, and rather threw, than presented, a neatly-folded paper. "For the life of me," she said, "I don't see why his reverence makes appointments at chapel time."

She closed the door almost while she spoke, and with more of a slam than was needed; so we had the alternative of walking in the yard, or of returning home.

My aunt chose the former, and in truth it was a place to make one linger—the grass was so thick and so bright, the flowers so many and so sweet, and the old willows so cool and so graceful. The gray walls of the church were half covered with vines, and the gorgeous painted windows seemed to diffuse a sense of universal liberality as their splendor shone down upon us. A feeling of substantial comfort and quiet came over me, as I dropped into one of the rustic chairs, over which a beautiful sycamore tree made a friendly roof, and I was loath to go away. My aunt's homely little house was beggared, in comparison with the massive structure before me; and as the music of the organ rolled solemnly outward and upward, I felt "as if God's ear would bend with childish favor to the poor flattery of the senseless keys." So absorbed was I with the beauty about me, and so filled with the memory of it after my return home, that for some hours I did not remember the rector's note. I could not find it—and my aunt paid no heed to my search as she sat singing—"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among men."

While I was yet turning and overturning in the hope of discovering it, there was a very decided summons of the knocker—and by a silent waive of my aunt's hand from the window, the accommodating servant-girl was borrowed to admit the visitor.

The little cloud of lace was soon adjusted, and the sewing apron laid aside, more carelessly than was my aunt's custom. I took it up to fold it more nicely—and as I did so, something fell from the pocket, which to my utter astonishment proved to be the rector's note—addressed to me, and with the seal broken!

I felt as if doing a very mean action, as I opened and read, "My little Woodbird will oblige her respectfully-admiring preceptor, by visiting the rectory at seven o'clock this evening." I replaced it, and never after made the remotest allusion to it.

Our lady friend drank tea with us; and to serve on the occasion, the next door maid was borrowed for an hour. My aunt was most sweetly placid, and apparently quite unconscious of the rector's appointment for me. Fate was not to be thwarted, however, and just as the evening lamp was lighted, he came.

My aunt's morning bouquet looked poor in comparison with the beautiful collection of flowers he held in his hand. I thought he glanced at me as he said he had brought a memento from Flora—I thought he was coming directly toward me, when my aunt intercepted him, and took the coveted treasure from his hand. I had partly risen to receive it, and sank back to my seat, feeling ashamed and foolish. My aunt so monopolized that my humble self was lost sight of, except that now and then the rector talked through me to the more conversable ladies.

Towards the close of the evening, however, country life was talked of, and leaving the elder ladies, the rector seated himself on the sofa beside me, saying,

"We can tell them all about it, can't we, my little Woodbird?" He took up my hand as he spoke, and holding one finger as if it had been a pen, began tracing letters with it on the palm of his left hand, conversing at the same time as before. I glanced toward my aunt, for I felt her disapproval—he seemed not to have lifted his eyes, yet he saw my action, and said, "We scholars must attend to our lessons, regardless of what our superiors say."

I grew visibly embarrassed when I perceived that he was endeavoring to communicate intelligibly with me; it was with difficulty I traced the letters, but I managed to do so at last, and spelled my way through this sentence—"Why did you not come to night?"

I glanced at my aunt as if I would say, "She can tell you," but only blushed, hesitated, and said nothing. Whether her conscience suggested what was in my thoughts, or whether the rector's behavior offended her, I cannot say, but she presently made an excuse to interrupt us; and shortly afterward sent me to bed. I did not sleep till long after the rector was gone from the house. My heart was full of new and strange emotions.

He had spoken but few words to me, but the few had been peculiar, and his very silence and avoidance of noticing me, seemed to me more significant than commonplace attentions. Why had he asked me to call on him at an hour when he knew he would be engaged? And why did he make secret allusion to the note he had sent me? Why, in fact, did he make my recitations assume the appearance of appointments with himself? Was it consciously, or unconsciously? In vain I tried to put these questionings aside, or to resolve whatever seemed to have other meaning into chance and accident.

The day following, my aunt was unusually demonstrative in her affection for me—she would not allow me to stir out of her sight—I must be very diligent, she said, in order to gain time for study and recitation, and that Mr. Vatier thought it proper that she should accompany me to the rectory every day, and that I must try to make up to her the time she lost for my sake.

I said I would try, and plied my needle industriously till the day was almost gone. At last I was directed to make myself ready, which I did, though I saw not how it was to avail me—not once having had a book in my hand during the day. Of course I was unable to answer a single question, for which I received a caressing reprimand, and a soft entreaty that for my tutor's sake I would do better in future.

He seemed quite unconscious of my aunt's presence, not so much as giving her a recognizing smile, even when she said with playful sweetness I was a bad little girl, and she feared he would have to belie his good nature and use a little wholesome severity for my sake. I did not dare to defend myself by naming the truth, but resolved to obviate future mortifications of the kind; and accordingly my lessons were committed thereafter at night when I should have been asleep. (CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1857.

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TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

This interesting story, which we commence in the present paper, is much the shortest of our promised Novelets, and will be concluded in the next number. The next novelet in order will be that of Mr. T. S. Arthur's, THE WITHERED HEART; which, we judge, will run through some six to eight papers.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

Mr. Howitt's Novelet being completed, we design commencing in our next number,

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post. The following will then be given, though, it may be, not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Conjugal Lover;" "Lines Written at Sea."

LAURA I.——. The article you sent has talent, but is not good enough for print. We say to you as a friend, avoid the pursuit of literature as an avocation, or any mental employment. Get health; it is more than success, more than money or fame. Live in the air, and sit in the sun. Take to some manual labor, which will make you robust and cheerful. Physical vigor gained, is the charm by which, as in the Arabian tale, a hundred doors of beauty, profit and honor fly open to you. Your letter was morbid, and pained us. Take our kindly advice, and you will find that the world is not so cold and cruel as it appears to you, but full of sunshine and blessings.

J. H. McN. The article on Musical Expression is good, but the subject is not of popular interest. It belongs properly to a strictly Musical publication.

PUBLIC RECREATION.

A few weeks ago we gave our readers a print, representing the pleasure-ground with which the owners of a factory in Nuremburg, Germany, have environed their place of business. Its interior meaning (as Swedenborg would phrase it,) is the practical assertion of the wise old proverb—"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." The palpable hint conveyed in our engraving, is too good to be lost, and we hope it will not be. No people in the world so much need to be penetrated with a living conviction of the truth of both picture and proverb, as the people of this country. Bayard Taylor once joccosely said to us that some one was needed to go up and down these States, preaching the gospel of laziness. Giving his word a liberal and not too literal construction, he was right. We drive ourselves to death. We chase dollars till we are haggard. We work ourselves into premature graves, and what is worse, some of us oblige other people to work themselves into premature graves, very much against their inclination, by adroitly regulating their motive springs of need and dependence. The employer, meditating on the employee, queries to himself, not—"how much recreation ought he to have?" but, "how much work can I get out of him?" The debate between the pair is whether the workman shall work into his grave at the rate of ten hours a day, or twelve. No employer proposes nine hours, or remembering the adage about the cause of Jack's dullness, invents recreation to keep Jack in good spirits, and sharpen his appetite for labor. Nobody in the practical life of America, has clearly found out that pleasure is the stimulus of business, and gets more work done in a given time, and better done, by setting the workers to play also, at appointed seasons. Never was a nation more desperately fagged than ours. The long strain of toil is in every department of our life. The provision for labor is complex, various and abundant. There is no provision for pleasure—what we have is extemporaneous and accidental. We are one-sided. Body is overworked, and brain is overworked, but there is no attempt at a division of labor between the two, or any systematic plan to recreate either. We begin life at schools where such a department as the gymnasium is not a part of the system. We pursue our "education" into the college, where class-lessons are still the order of the day, and an excessive and morbid mentality is developed. Those of us who are naturally slender in strength and constitution, and who have no natural predisposition to physical exercises, emerge from Alma Mater's walls, lank and lantern jawed, half-dyspeptic, with the spiritual health and happiness undermined by the overstrain one half of our nature has sustained. We go into professional life, as doctors, lawyers, ministers, and the bend we received in the twig inclines us in the tree. Our intellectual half continues preternaturally active; the bodily half continues inert. Thought ceases to be spontaneous, electric, inspired. It is forced or habitual, and lacks that vitality which is fed from a healthy and vigorous body. Diseases pester us. We are irritable, peevish, excitable; it is not bad temper, it is bad health. So we go on to various degrees of a doom, which are seen in early graves, the rooms of invalids, hospitals, madhouses, suicides, and the like. The wild climax and example of this one-sided development and labor, we saw lately in Hugh Miller's self-slaughter. Six hours manual labor even, or a few hours whole-hearted, hilarious pleasure, each day, would have saved to the world a man the world could ill afford to lose.

The other side of the same evil is seen in the other portions of the people. The boys that leave school, and whose paths turn away from the college to the factory, the farm, the shop or warehouse, are equal sufferers in another way. The development is still one-sided. With them it is the long day of physical toil whose tendency is to make them lumps or clods, or the employment of every faculty in the business of trade which is apt to leave them sharpers or muck-rakes before their prime. Let it be said, however, that all this is somewhat less true of the country than of the town. The eager, competitive life of cities leaves little time, and still less desire, for recreation. An unbroken habit of business binds men to their tasks and aims solely. The necessity of an intense chase of the desired object, or the imperative requirement of so much work for so much wages, makes them people of one idea. Country life is less complex, more simple, and leaves men nearer their own natures, and more accessible to those invitations to frolic and amusement which issue naturally from the heart. But even in the country, there is little habitual recreation—few games, sports, pleasures, in which any but the young take part—no well and widely understood recognition of the fact that diversion is as necessary to health and life as eating or sleeping, and no systematic provision therefor, by which the population may benefit.

As for the women, it is needless to say any thing. They are of course sharers in the common evil, resulting from this common lack. Balls, parties, sleigh rides, etc., are their chief avenues of amusement. Pursued generally at unseasonable hours and under unfavorable circumstances, they are rather injurious than otherwise. They do something for the spirits; little for the health or bodily development. Females in America, except in certain rustic localities, are feeble, slender, and short-lived. Here and there, in places where a daily romp is not considered an offence, girls grow up robustly; and though womanhood unfortunately is apt to terminate those early, vigorous calisthenics which are the magic secrets of health, the accumulated good of a dozen years of downright, rugged frolics is yet apt to last its possessor through the spiritual inertia and physical trials of maturer life.

Of course, where public recreation is not provided for, human nature snatches at any amusement that offers. The pleasure-loving part of us will be satisfied somehow. Hence, in cities, young persons and persons not young, are found taking advantage of various opportunities for excitement not so much perhaps because they naturally prefer these, as because they are ready-made and convenient. Billiard rooms, bowling-alleys, bar-rooms, beer-cellars, theatres, circuses, and places better or worse, invite them. Evils we need not now name accrue to them, in some instances from the pernicious character of the place frequented, in others from the company they meet there, in others from the unregulated pursuit of some particular pleasure, harmless in itself, which the place affords.

Now there is no need of these things continuing to be. In America the press, the pulpit, the lecture-room, the college, the corporation, the association, are the government. Or if you will have it that public opinion is the government, these are the institutions that make public opinion—the power behind the throne. It would be well for them to institute discussion on this subject, and create a public opinion that will in its turn create the means and appliances for wholesome, rational, and various amusement.

See what the English workmen in Birmingham have done. They have formed a public recreation society, and by associating their means and efforts, have given facilities for diverse healthful exercise and diversion. Their establishment has a play-ground provided with swings. Near by is an alley for the game of skittles or tenpins. In another room is an appointed gymnasium, with all the appliances for muscular exercise. A separate chamber is reserved for the single stick practice, and other amusements similar in kind. The largest room of all is fitted up with benches. Here are newspapers, chessboards, and other means of innocent pleasure. Here the members chat, argue, or sing in chorus. The singing is a favorite diversion. Near by is their refreshment-room, where bread and butter, buns, coffee, and similar refreshments are sold at the cheapest possible rate. The entrance fee is one penny. The average weekly receipts are twenty pounds; the expenses about six. An old army pensioner is their door keeper; his wife tends the refreshment room. The establishment is open from five o'clock in the evening to ten, for five days in the week; on Saturday from two to ten. The number of daily visitors ranges from five to fifteen hundred. Sometimes short lectures on popular subjects, illustrated by magic lanterns and diagrams, are delivered in the general entertainment room. And this establishment, it is said, has had a most serious effect on the trade of the low gin shops, and on the receipts of the low theatres.

What a broad hint this gives us! All we want is one institution as an example and a nucleus, which shall combine the gymnasium, the library, the concert, the lecture, the dramatic exercise, and the other various means of physical exercise and mental entertainment. One such institution, once established, anywhere, will be prolific of a thousand such everywhere. Who will be its projector? Here is an opportunity for the munificence of some one of those childless men, who, as Lord Bacon tells us, are always planning for the public. A liberal bequest for the establishment of a system of recreation would be a wise and benevolent outlay of any millionaire's means.

Any one of our various wealthy associations could easily carry such a measure into effect. Our mercantile and mechanic libraries, for instance, could use their vested funds for such a purpose, and thus furnish new and powerful inducements to membership which would result in enriching their treasuries, and at the same time broaden their usefulness. The same is true of the various affiliations of individuals of all kinds throughout the country. What has been, and is, constantly done in different parts of Europe, ought to be done on a grander scale in America. The German University is a compromise between class-lessons and gymnastics. Study and exercise—business and pleasure—go hand in hand. We need to introduce the same good rule into our schools, our colleges, our factories, and our various institutions. Make the facilities for play equal to the facilities for work, and plot to make the attractions of the one equal to those of the other; then, the measure fairly accomplished, we sweep away with a strong, gradual movement, all the diverse evils which result from our one-sidedness and half-life, and sick bodies and sick brains will be fewer in the community.

SMALL DESPOTISM.

Under this head, a New York paper calls attention to the following resolutions which it says were passed at a late meeting of the Board of School Directors for the Fifteenth section of Philadelphia:—

Resolved, That any teacher in this section who may be late in attendance shall be suspended one month for each and every offence.

Resolved, That any teacher who may attend balls or parties shall be suspended one month for each offence, as it unfits them for their duties.

We can hardly suppose it probable that any Board of School Directors in this city would pass such resolutions as the above; but if the fact is as stated, we consider it disgraceful to the Directors guilty of such small and contemptible tyranny. The penalty of one month's suspension for every failure in punctuality, without regard to the reasons that may sometimes excuse a late attendance, is unmercifully severe. And as to the decree relative to balls and parties, it is a meddling with things with which the Directors have no proper concern. In fact, this last resolution is so absurdly tyrannical, that we cannot suppose it the work of any men at all fitted for the management of the Philadelphia Public Schools—and therefore feel like postponing any further remarks upon the subject, until we can be assured that we are not reproving a mere figment of our New York contemporary's fertile imagination.

MINNESOTA.—Under date of Jan. 24th, a correspondent writes us from Minnesota, saying that the winter in that place commenced rather Greenlandish, the thermometer on the morning of the 7th of December being 22 degrees below zero! Lately, however, he says, it has been milder. Usually the thermometer ranges from zero to 10 degrees below. On the 10th of January it was 22 below. They had at the date of his writing two feet of snow, and had had sleighing from the 23rd of November to that time.

EARTHQUAKE IN PHILADELPHIA.—A slight shock of an earthquake was felt in Philadelphia and environs on the 10th inst. It lasted about one-fourth of a minute. There was a rumbling noise, as of a heavy dray passing, and the houses trembled so that the doors and windows rattled. It occurred near midnight.

THALBERG'S CONCERT.

The great pianist has been giving us Philadelphians more concerts. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, we had the pleasure of sitting through one of his entertainments, and the pain of hearing our fellow-citizens encore a majority of the pieces played and sung. We have already in part time, spoken our mind pretty freely in regard to this practice, and have little to add now to what we said. To recall a singer or performer to the platform by vociferous applause, is a compliment which we shall always be glad to commend. But to insist that the performer shall go through with his performance again, is unjust and rude. The programme of a concert is a contract between audience and artist, to which the audience assent by their presence. The audience have no right to ask for more than they have contracted for. It is practically telling the artist that he has not given them their money's worth, which is not the fact. Few people have an idea of the task it is to sing such music as we were favored with on the evening we have mentioned. If they had, they would be less eager to have singers in effect impair their voices, and render themselves liable to bronchial and other throat and lung affections by straining those organs in the repetition of the difficult music which has already tried them. We earnestly hope that this unmerciful and unjust practice of the encore will be discontinued. In Italy it is prohibited by law. It ought to be by public opinion here.

Of the concert we can only speak briefly.—Mr. Thalberg played with his usual grace and power, and left his music tinkling airily in the memory. It is a great proof of his mastership that he can bring such melody from the piano, which is not, in our opinion, a great instrument. Madame Elise D'Angri, Mad. Johannsen, and Mr. Rudolfsohn, occupied a good share of the programme to great acceptance. Mad. Johannsen's voice pleased us much. It is one of those clear, soaring sopranos, which remind one of the lark singing at heaven's gate. Madame D'Angri's is a contralto, best, as we think, in the upper tones. The lower seemed to us somewhat harsh, and vaguely suggested masculinity. The concert was well attended. Mr. Thalberg gave another on the Saturday evening following, which we understand to be his last in our city. Leaving our shores, we hope he will be satisfied that his recognition has been intelligent and cordial, as we are that he deserved such a recognition on the score of his great merits as an artist, and as a tribute to his personal worth as a gentleman.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The news from Europe is to the 31st of January. It is principally confirmatory of the news received by the last steamer. In England the Circumlocution office men are still endeavoring how not to do it with great success. The reconstruction of the Cabinet, thanks to their efforts to reconstruct it, has not yet been effected. The London Morning *Herald* continues to declare that the attempt is to construct it by infusing the Aberdeen party, and this statement obtains general credence. But the London *Post*, the Government organ, supposed to know that such a compromise would defeat the aim of how not to do it, and subvert that great principle of governing in England, roundly asserts that the *Herald* has gone mad, and that its statements are utterly baseless.

The first meeting of the Law Reform Conference has taken place in London. Lord Brougham presided. The subject of a Tribunal of Commerce was referred to a Committee.

The workingmen of London have formed Emigration companies on a large scale to Canada and Australia.

The French items of interest are but two. First, the execution of Verges. The perpetrator of the *coup d'etat* on the Archbishop of Paris has been guillotined by the officers of the perpetrator of the *coup d'etat* on the hopes and liberties of France. To Verges, the scaffold; to Louis Napoleon, the imperial purple. One kills one man to obtain his end; it is a murder. The other kills two thousand to obtain his; it is a master-stroke. "So runs the world away!" Verges died in great distress, and it was found necessary to carry him to the place of execution.

The other item is that the Court of Cassation has decided that it is illegal to distribute voting tickets without a special permit from the authorities! The judgment was given on an appeal from the decision of the Imperial Court of Lyons. What a regulation!

The double nucleus of interest in Europe at present is the state of affairs in Persia and China. It is rumored that Persia has submitted to the demands of the British Government. The capture of the forts of Bushire and the island of Karrach is confirmed. Bushire has been proclaimed British territory and a free port.

All the previous accounts of the Chinese troubles are confirmed. The Circumlocution Bull is still plunging destructively in the China shop. The British Admiral Seymour having been obliged, on account of the destruction of the fleet, to quarter his men in the garden, and being highly exasperated by the "obstinacy" of the Chinese Governor, has, it is said, determined to utterly destroy Canton. Rumor says that this dreadful barbarity has already commenced.—What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—what is sauce for Canton is sauce for New York; what would we think if a British fleet were to anchor in the harbor of our great commercial port, and pour a fiery rain of rockets and bombshells upon its roofs? Only by imagining such an action, can we arrive at a sense of what is being done at Canton.

The Chinese have apologized to the Americans for the insults and injuries offered to our flag during this outbreak. The Governor, Yeh, avers that they were accidental, or mistaken, and the American fleet, it is said, will accept this apology and withdraw from Canton. The French, meanwhile, have been mixing themselves up in the troubles, by destroying forts.—The whole affair is sickening.

In Naples, the Reign of Terror continues.—The thing of blood and mud, Bomba, continues rigorous and unrelenting. Arrests continue incessantly. Fright pervades both capital and kingdom. A priest has attempted to assassinate the Archbishop of Modena, in the church. The Archbishop was wounded, and a canon who sprang forward to protect him was shot dead by the assailant. The royal brute, Bomba, has decreed a period at which the political prisoners who will not implore his clemency, will be transported. Another decree announces certain reforms in the political system. Would that some reforms might take place in the dark, insane mind and brutal heart of the author of that political system! The very idea of government becomes degraded in popular opinion, by the example of such a ruler.

PERFUMERY.

The love of sweet odors is one of those instincts of our nature, for the indulgence of which our Creator has most bountifully provided. The structure of the organ of smell is most admirably adapted to its purpose—the delicate and sensitive membrane, whose net-work of nerves expands over so large a surface of the convoluted ethmoid bone; the myriads of flowers whose fragrance loads the air; the various gums, resins, fruits, barks, and even woods, which are pervaded with the most powerful and subtle essences; the various other substances, animal and mineral, whose pungent odors render earth a storehouse of sweets; all show with what care the All-wise Creator has provided for the gratification of this, though apparently one of the least important of human appetites.

Perfumers who could compound with skill the fragrant essences for a lady's toilet, were unknown in Eden, yet even there, we doubt not, our fair mother Eve gratified, not only her taste for the beautiful, but her love for the odoriferous, in selecting flowers of the most gorgeous hues and richest perfumes, to deck their simple banquet, or weave a coronal for him, whose goodly form needed no glittering crown or golden sceptre, to indicate its royal dignity.

What were the "special vanities" in the way of perfumery, to which the antediluvians inclined, will probably never be satisfactorily ascertained. We doubt if they were familiar with the odor of "*Jockey Club*," "*West End*," or even "*Millefleurs*;" but that, for sixteen hundred years or more, they lived without other perfumes than those borne on the breeze from the flowery plains, is not to be supposed. It is certain, at least, that their descendants, soon after the flood, had exalted perfumery to the rank of a science.

The Egyptians, who were far in advance of all other nations in everything appertaining to luxury and sensuous enjoyment, had at a very early period of their history, acquired the art of so compounding the various gums, resins and oils furnished by their fertile soil, as to make perfumes whose reputation has stood the test of three thousand years; and the profusion with which they used them, gives ample evidence of the extent of the manufacture.

The bodies of the dead were anointed and embalmed with the most pungent spices and ointments; their monarchs and priests were consecrated with fragrant oils, whose odor, preserved in vases of alabaster, has come down even to our own times.

It is not strange that the Israelites, always a sensuous people, should, in their long apprenticeship in Egypt, have adopted, to a considerable extent, the luxurious tastes of their taskmasters; and we find, accordingly, that the use of perfumery was very common among them.

The great Jewish Lawgiver wisely availed himself, under Divine direction, of this cultivated taste, by consecrating to the worship of Jehovah, the most costly and fragrant perfumes, and prohibiting their private use. The Tabernacle, and subsequently the Temple, were thus rendered attractive, and when the priest came forth from his ministrations, the air was filled with sweet odors.

Moses was divinely instructed to direct the preparation of two kinds of perfume, an anointing oil, to be used in the consecration of the officiating priest, in the preparation of which the rich and fragrant olive oil of Palestine was mingled, in large quantities, with cassia, myrrh, amomin and calamus; and which, when skillfully prepared, diffused a most pleasing odor: and a more solid preparation, composed mainly of the gum-resins, stacte, onycha, galbanum, and frankincense, which was used to perfume the tabernacle of the congregation. When subsequently the Israelites desired a king, he, too, was anointed with the holy oil—Samuel, the High Priest as well as Prophet of his time, thus anointed both Saul and David.

At a later period, it seems to have been customary to anoint the heads of guests with these fragrant oils. In the narrative of the anointing of Christ's feet by the penitent Mary, the Saviour says to Simon—"My *head* with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment."

It was also customary for the Jews to anoint their heads when making their morning toilets; thus, the Saviour, in inculcating upon His disciples the necessity of avoiding public display in fasting, directs, "But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast;" that is, avoid any singularity of deportment, make your toilet in your accustomed manner.

Perhaps no book of the Bible throws more light upon the habits and customs of the most luxurious age of the Jewish nation than Solomon's song; and in this book, the allusions to perfumes, and odoriferous compounds, are very abundant. Some of the ingredients of these are, at the present day, unknown to us—among these are *nard* or *nerd*, generally translated *spikenard* in our English version a liquid gum-resin, apparently of the richest fragrance, and of very high cost—but bearing no resemblance, and possessing no affinity, to the harmless mucilaginous vegetable, which we know by the name of spikenard.

The aloes, repeatedly mentioned in the Scriptures among the fragrant drugs of the East, is also a misnomer. The wood of the *Agallochum*, which is intended by the word translated *aloes*, is exceedingly fragrant, and was used by the Jews in embalming. The *aloes* of the Pharmacopœia, like most medicinal drugs, has little except its nauseous taste and smell to recommend it.

Among the Greeks and Romans the use of perfumes was carried to the most extravagant excess. Derived mainly from Egypt and the East, (for, in the earlier years of their respective commonwealths, neither Greek nor Roman was addicted to the effeminacy of their use) immense sums were expended in the preparation of compounds, whose odor should excite a new sensation in the palled taste of the sated voluptuary. Pliny gives extended accounts of the drugs used in these perfumes, and the method of compounding them; and the allusions of the other classic writers to their use are very numerous. It is a somewhat singular circumstance that Nero and Heliogabalus, two of the most cruel and reckless of the Roman emperors, were also beyond all others, most addicted to the use of perfumes. Of Nero it is related, that his Golden Palace, erected after the fiendish burning of Rome, was ever redolent with sweet odors; that in his dining-hall, flowers of gold and precious stones, imitating most perfectly the most beautiful of nature's productions, distilled, drop by drop, the most precious and costly perfumes into jewelled vases set to receive them. His infamous but beautiful Empress, Pappœa, invented a pomatum of such extraordinary fragrance, that for many years it was the rage among the Roman dames.

Heliogabalus carried his extravagance so far, that the only fuel burned in his palace, were the odoriferous woods and the most costly gums and spices; the lamps, by whose profusion night was turned into day, were fed with balsams and the essential oils distilled from the most fragrant flowers; his baths were filled with aromatic and perfumed wines; his fish ponds, even, were supplied with odorous waters. He also caused his favorite horse to be daily anointed with perfumed oils—a not uncommon custom among effeminate Romans.

The profusion with which perfumery was used by the Romans, of course made its manufacture profitable, and Capua, which had long been preeminent among the towns of Italy for its voluptuousness, became the great mart for the precious drugs and compounds of the perfumer's art.

After the fall of the Western Empire, this trade fell for a time into decay; the fierce Goths and Huns yielded but slowly and partially to the enervating influences of the Italian climate and manners—and their yellow, bristling locks were but little improved by the oils and pomades with which the towns they sacked abounded.

Nor were costly and pungent perfumes greatly in request among the bandit chiefs and barons bold, who in the middle ages held wassail in the frowning castles that bordered the Rhine or the Elbe. Blood was more grateful to them than fragrant oils—and the smoke that ascended from an enemy's home, than the clouds that rose from the most odorous frankincense. Still, as luxury prevailed, this, one of its most necessary adjuncts, came again into more general use, till in the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. in France, and of the Stuarts in England, no small portion of the national revenues was expended in perfumery for the court.

It was at this period, also, that the famous *Eau de Cologne* of Farina achieved its renown—manufactured with great care at the city from which it derives its name, and combining the fragrance of the finest odors, yet suffering no one to predominate, or to leave a residuum on evaporation, it speedily attained a high reputation among ladies of fashion, and is to this day, a favorite and almost indispensable article for the toilet. Not the thousandth part of what is sold under that name, however, bears the slightest resemblance to the original article; and of the preparation known as the *genuine Farina Cologne*—probably but a very small portion is manufactured according to the original recipe. There are some twenty manufactories of Eau de Cologne in that city; and each claims to be the inheritor of the original receipt; to be the sole and "original Jacobs." Indeed the competition is so fierce, that it is said that every child born to a family bearing the patronymic of *Farina*, is, whether male or female, christened Jean Maria, and the exclusive use of the name bargained for at once.

Among the most famous and highly prized of Oriental perfumes is the *attar* or *oil of roses*. Collected only from the Damascus rose, and requiring almost fabulous quantities of the petals of these to produce a few drops—it is, when pure, enormously expensive, and such is its pungency, that it is adulterated by the addition of many times its weight of other oils, and the fraud can hardly be detected by the most skillful connoisseur. It is sometimes found, however, in a pure state, in the shops of Constantinople, in minute bottles of crystal, containing only some eight or ten drops, and bearing a price which would support in comfort a dozen country clergymen.

The improvements in Chemistry within the last sixty years, have effected a very great revolution in the manufacture of articles of perfumery. Formerly the articles sold as *neroli*, cedrat, orange-flower water, bergamot, lavender, verbena, &c., &c., were really distilled from the infusions of the several fruits and plants from which they derived their names; but in the progress of chemical discovery, it has been ascertained that oils or ethers of odors similar to these can be obtained by the decomposition of articles previously considered worthless; and the greater part of the perfumes which now supply the toilet of the fashionable belle, are by chemical skill educed from coal tar, the refuse of stables, and the bones and garbage of the kitchen. Fusel oil, the oleaginous constituent of common whiskey, is also an ingredient in many of these preparations.

Elegiac poets have often spoken, in sad and plaintive strains, of the "worm feeding on the blooming cheek of beauty;" but in these days the belle who, with handkerchief perfumed, wipes from her cheek the tear which imaginary woes have caused to flow, presses to that cheek a product eliminated from refuse which the worm would have disdained to touch.

The skill and science which have thus turned garbage and residuary matters, otherwise loathsome and disgusting, to use, in supplying the demands of luxury, are worthy of all credit for the genius by which they are instigated.

But we are not so certain that the perfumes obtained in this way are without some taint of their original condition. The disgust which is often expressed by persons of delicate sensibilities to the use of perfumes, may have its origin in the fact that Art has not yet succeeded in bestowing upon the various elements which combine to make a certain perfume, the same degree of endurance and vitality—so that on exposure to the air, some portions may be dissipated more rapidly than others, and leave an offensive instead of a pleasant and refreshing fragrance. We have ourselves perceived this odor of staleness in the use of perfumes, but whether it was owing to their being purchased of second-rate manufacturers, or is a difficulty which no manufacturer has as yet been able to overcome, we are not sufficiently informed to determine. The free use of pungent and penetrating perfumes, as the world at present has them, is, unquestionably, injurious to the health; the nervous system especially is very much affected by them, and the distressing headaches and general langor to which fashionable ladies are so often subject, are undoubtedly due in part to this cause.

The use of oils, frequently of a rancid and even fœtid odor, for anointing the person, is very general among savage nations. The African of the Western and Southern coasts, smears his whole body with rancid palm oil to beautify his person, and to protect him from the attacks of venomous insects; the Hindoo uses melted butter for the same purposes; the Abyssinian, the fat of sheep, that is, mutton tallow; the North American Indian, the oil from the buffalo's hump; the Esquimaux, seal or whale blubber; and the Polynesian, cocoanut oil. "The toilet of an Indian dandy," says Catlin, "occupies more time, and is far more elaborate, than that of the most fashionable European belle."

Next to France, Russia is perhaps a larger consumer of perfumes, in proportion to the number of her inhabitants, than any other nation of Europe. It is hinted, somewhat uncharitably, perhaps, that a desire to conceal the unpleasant personal odor arising from the neglect of frequent and thorough ablutions, may have a share in creating this demand. If such be the case, the prescription of the eccentric Dr. Abernethy would not be inappropriate; it is related that the doctor, who had a great abhorrence of frivolous questions, was once consulted by a female patient, as to the best cosmetic for repairing the ravages which time had made in her face: "Use soap and water; soap and water, ma'am," was the blunt reply.

Some perfumes are exceedingly persistent; none more so, perhaps, than musk, a single grain of which, having been put in a drawer with a pair of gloves, and the drawer locked for twenty years, was found to have lost none of its perfumery by the lapse of time.

Among modern perfumers, several have attained to high eminence in their art. The *Farinas* enjoy a hereditary reputation; but some of them might well base their title to fame upon the excellence of their own productions.

In England, *Taylor* stands unrivalled both in the variety and excellence of his compounds, and in the profound chemical skill which he has devoted to the investigation of the subject of perfumery.

Lubin, the French perfumer, has won a world-wide reputation for the delicacy and beauty of his preparations.

In our own country, *Roussel* and *Harrison* are deserving of especial mention, for the perfection to which they have carried their processes, and the elegant results they have attained.

Science, ever the handmaid of utility, has here unlocked her hidden treasures, and brought them as an offering to the shrine of the beautiful.

GOOD SADDLES.—We take pleasure in referring our readers to the advertisement of Mr. PHILIP BECKER, Practical Saddler, and can say from our own experience that his saddles and harness are all that could be desired.

New Publications.

DORÉ. By A TRAVELLER IN EUROPE. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author says in his preface:—"Doré means simply the difference between the inside and outside of things, and as this difference has always struck the author more than anything else in Europe, he has adopted that title more as a fit emblem of the position of the Old World, than as a representation of the general tone of this work, which is merely a book of travels, as little in the style of the guide-books as possible. The comfortable and orderly appearance of things in Europe as compared with America, has often been remarked upon; but, as the author of the *Contrat Social* says, 'there is a comfortable and orderly appearance of things about a dungeon.' That is no indication of happiness. The bayonet can make everything look orderly up to the very day when an unhappy and oppressed people break out in revolution. If any American be alarmed at the noisiness and boisterousness of his own country, which must, of necessity, always show the worst side to the world, just let him rub off the gilding a little in Europe, and he will find no cause for dissatisfaction with Republicanism."

All this is true enough, and is, moreover, the best and truest thing in the volume. If the author had shown us European society, with the doré (*gilt,*) rubbed off, his book would have been valuable as well as amusing. This he does not do. That there is a great difference in Europe between things as they are and as they seem, is unquestionable, and that the same difference is also obvious in America, and in every other country under the sun, is also unquestionable, the author of "Doré" to the contrary notwithstanding. The book is one-sided, unphilosophical, superficial, and skimble-skamble in its views and treatment of things. Its style is French and flippant. It brings to mind the pert and ridiculous book written on America some time since, by a member of Rachel's troupe, Mr. Leon Beauvallet, though it is an improvement both in matter and manner on that precious production. It is to a certain degree, observant, and is certainly piquant and entertaining. It has considerable small information, and has some serious passages, though these are generally seriously sophistical and false. Its best things are a few spicy and pointed anecdotes.

KATHIE BRANDE. A Fireside History of a Quiet Life. By HOLME LEE. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author of this sweet and beautiful English story, is known to our readers by a tale recently published in our columns. "Kathie Brande" is written with a tranquil and steady power, and in an unobtrusive and simple manner, which are particularly pleasing. The general picture is quaint and quiet, with here and there a flash of tragedy or passion. It has an undercurrent of strong dramatic interest. Many portions are characterized by great picturesqueness, many by true pathos, and a calm, pure, cheerful, equable spirit pervades the whole narrative. It is one of the few books which can be read with unmixed pleasure.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By PAUL CREYTON. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Neighbor Jackwood is a novel of New England life, cleverly written, dramatic and spirited in action, and abounding with amusing scenes and characters. The author has an intimate knowledge of the Yankee *patois*, or dialect, and paints accurately many environments and incidents peculiar to the North. His book, although a little weak and somewhat melodramatic in its more serious parts, is quite pleasant reading. The humorous portions are well done.

EL GRINGO; or, New Mexico and Her People. By W. W. H. DAVIS. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A modest and clearly-written book of travel, containing a great amount of various information concerning a region hitherto comparatively untrodden and unknown. The author is known as the late U. S. Attorney.

NEW MUSIC.—Three new pieces of music have reached us:—"The Heath This Night must be my Bed"—(words by Sir Walter Scott, music by J. H. McNaughton)—"List, Lady, List," and "Oh! Say not that thy Heart is Cold"—(music by the same author.)

☞ A Western editor, in giving an account of a tornado, heads it as follows: "Disgraceful Thunder Storm."

☞ It was once observed in the Parliament House, at Edinburgh, that a gentleman who was known to have a pretty good appetite, had eaten away his *senses*. "Pooh!" replied Henry Erskine, "they would not be a *mouthful* to him."

☞ THE PLAGUE OF WOMEN.—The Shah of Persia, when he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, called out: "Who is she? who is she?" "Please your Majesty, 'tis a *he*." "Nonsense!" said the Shah, "there's never an accident without a woman; who is she?" The Shah was right; the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in a window.

☞ "There are only two bad things in this world," said Hannah More; "sin and bile."

☞ The Boston Herald mentions as one of the incidents of the late snow storm, that a milkman got blinded with the blowing snow, and, failing to find the handle of the village pump, drove into town with several cans of pure milk.

☞ The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, give no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

☞ The reply of an English judge to a man who pleaded that it was hard to be hanged for stealing a horse, is often quoted as a judicial absurdity. It was,—"You are not hanged for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." Instead of an absurdity, this is an important principle in the administration of criminal justice.

☞ In Florida, about the beginning of the last century, there was an Indian who remembered the first visit of the Spaniards, and must therefore have been 200 years old. And it is recorded that a certain peasant of Bengal attained the extraordinary age of 335!

☞ A land speculator out West, in defending his "tract" against the charge of insalubrity, declared it was so healthy "around there," and so difficult for folks to die, that the inhabitants had to draw their last breath with a corkscrew.

☞ In Marseilles there was once a singular custom which authorized suicide. The magistrates kept a supply of deadly poisons on hand, and the would be-suicide petitioned the Senate, setting forth his reasons, for permission to kill himself. If his grievances were deemed intolerable, he was legally authorized to take the official poison and rid himself of life.

☞ "No use in my trying to collect that bill, sir," said a collector, to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?" "The man who should pay it is 'non est,'" replied the collector. "Then take it and collect it, sir. A 'non est' man will not fail to meet his obligations."

☞ Since the use of chloroform commenced in the London Hospitals, the mortality following operations has increased from 21 to 34 per cent.

☞ The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

☞ SHEROIC RESOLUTION.—A young lady (of the age of six-and-thirty) declared the other day in strictest confidence to her maid-servant, that she would sooner dye than let a single gray hair show itself.

☞ The Portland Advertiser says of the Hon. Joseph Williams, the new acting Governor of Maine, that he is a man of "*rare* and reliable character." Unfortunate man!—his constituents will not be able to say to him, "*Well done*, thou good and faithful servant."—*New York Evening Post.*

☞ At a festival which recently came off in Niagara County, a boy who did not get a fair chance at the eatables, said some of the voracious visitors had been starving themselves so long, in anticipation of the feast, that they were *hollow all the way down*, and he "could hear the first mouthfuls they swallowed strike on the bottoms of their boots!"

☞ The word "bull," signifying a ludicrous blunder, became proverbial from the repeated blunders of one Bediah Bull, a London lawyer of the reign of Henry VII.

☞ Stealing never makes a man rich, alms never make a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business.—*Dutch Proverb.*

A HORSE.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long.
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

—*Shakspeare.*

☞ Men and women consume too much food and too little pure air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

☞ THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—One of the safest places during a thunder-storm is a railroad car in motion, because it is furnished with a conductor.

☞ DIFFICULTIES ON HAND.—The convict question may not be more peculiarly urgent during the prevalence of cold, easterly winds; nevertheless, we are then especially troubled with bad chaps, and sometimes find it a hard matter to get rid of them.

☞ In the year 1691, the cold was so intense that the wolves entered Vienna and attacked men and cattle in the streets.

☞ A STRANGE GO.—A poor Irishman seeing a crowd of people approaching asked, "what was the matter?" He was answered, "A man was *going* to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for we *carry* them to be buried in our country."

YEARLY FOOD OF ONE MAN.—From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, which, of course, are based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois of dry food, per day, are required for each individual; of this about three-fourths are vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of 800 pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks—coffee, tea, alcohol, wine, &c.—its estimated quantity is about 1,500 pounds per annum. That for the air received by breathing may be taken at 800 pounds. With these figures before us, says the *Medical World*, we are able to see how the case stands. The food, water, and air, which a man receives, amount, in the aggregate, to more than 3,000 pounds a year; that is, to about a ton and a half, or more than twenty times his weight. This enormous quantity may well attract our attention to the expenditure of material required for supporting life. A living being is the result and representation of change on a prodigious scale.

Paris Letter.

TRIAL OF VERGER—SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THE HOPE OF ITALY—THE INQUISITION AGAIN—A SHOCKING MISTAKE—THE EMPRESS AND THE POET—A NEW ARRIVAL—A PIECE OF GOOD LUCK—AN ODD COMPUTATION—WHAT GAS CANNOT DO—PRINTING IN COLORS—SAVANTS AT LOGGERHEADS.

PARIS, Jan. 24, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The principal topic of the week has been the trial of Verger, the murderer of the Archbishop of Paris. Verger having resorted to a wholesale attack upon the manners and morals of the ecclesiastical body, as his justification of his attack on their chief, the tribunal decided that such an attack was calumnious, and forbade the hearing of the witnesses called by Verger, in support of the charges of vice and crimes of every kind, which he declared he was ready and desirous to prove against the principal members of the Catholic clergy in this diocese. The court having thus stopped the line of defence entered upon by the accused, the latter, when called upon to plead, utterly refused to do so; declaring that justice was denied him, and that he was sacrificed to the Jesuits by the court. The charges brought forward by Verger were certainly of a most scandalous character, and such as are quite unfit for the ears of a public accustomed to commit all sorts of immoralities, but always much shocked at hearing them talked about; and evidently the defence adopted by the prisoner could only have been listened to with closed doors. But the public, already pretty well inclined to believe statements of this character, when directed against the priests, has generally condemned this proceeding of the tribunal, and considers that the prisoner ought to have been allowed to defend himself in his own way, whatever that way may have been, the court having it in its power to shut out the public, and being free to appreciate the worth of the defence according to its own judgment.

"If the prisoner's defence, as conducted by him in all freedom, but with closed doors, had proved to be a mere tissue of calumnious or irrelevant charges," say those who disapprove of the quashing system pursued by the tribunal, "the court would, after hearing his witnesses, have pronounced the defence to be insufficient, and would have rendered their verdict accordingly; but, at all events, the right of the accused to decide for himself in what way his defence shall be conducted—a right consecrated by law, and lying at the basis of all just legislation on the matter—would have been preserved intact." Verger having resolutely refused to adopt any other line of defence, his lawyer tried to prove that his client had acted under the impulse of insanity; but this plea being utterly untenable, Verger being considered by the first authorities in medical jurisprudence as being perfectly sane, fell to the ground; and he has been found guilty of wilful murder, and sentenced to death. He has since appealed against this sentence, but his appeal has been rejected, and he has now sent in a petition for mercy to the Emperor. As the priestly character, once conferred, is held by the Romish Church to be "indelible," so that if a man is once made a priest, he remains a priest to the end of his days, although his crimes may have led to his "suspension," or even "degradation," it is hardly believed that the sentence of death passed on Verger will be executed. No priest has been executed in France since the Days of Terror; and public curiosity is on the *qui vive* to see whether the Law or the Church will have the upper hand in the present case.

The question of the right to nominate candidates for the Legislative Body without obtaining the previous approbation of nominees to that office from the Prefect of the Seine, is now being warmly discussed in view of the approaching elections. The moderate Republicans are disposed to substitute legal action in place of the appeals to revolutionary violence, whose wisdom events have caused men to doubt; and to endeavor to modify the action of the present Government by peaceful and constitutional means, rather than leave it to take its own way, as they have hitherto done, in the hope that its own aberrations will provoke a popular upheaving that will put an end to it. The question as to whether the right aforesaid (without which the election of representatives must be evidently a sham in the hands of the Government,) is guaranteed by the present Constitution, has been submitted to the leading members of the Paris bar; and all, or nearly all, have answered in the affirmative. The letters of these gentlemen have been published at full length in the Siecle and other journals, and are interesting as proving that France is beginning to waken from the trance into which she seems to have fallen since the *coup d'etat*. Such a movement as the one in contemplation, viz.: the election of a Republican and Progressive Legislative Chamber, would certainly seem to be more hopeful than the standing aloof from practical affairs, the demagogue agitation of secret societies, the assassination of obnoxious rulers, whose places are soon filled by successors as bad as themselves, the appeals to popular passion by incendiary placards, the burning of letter-boxes at the minor post-offices, and the other misdirected efforts of popular zeal so rife at the present day.

The noble discourse of the Sardinian Minister, Mamiani, in answer to the interpellations of the representative Brofferio, with regard to the results, for Sardinia and for Italy, of the late war, and the diplomatic cogitations that followed it, is another sign that the progressive party on the Continent are entering upon a wiser policy than the headlong appeal to civil war. Yet it is not strange that, ground down as is the popular existence of most European peoples, impatient spirits should resort to violent means, to put down their oppressors, though, unfortunately, those means are found, in the long run, to turn against themselves. Take, as a fresh sample of the enlightened and paternal *regime* to which Italy is subjected, the curious document just issued from the Holy Office, (otherwise called the Inquisition) of Ferrara, permitting a Jew of that city to come out, temporarily, of the *Ghetto*, or quarter of the town to which his "accursed race" is confined. This permit, which takes one back in spirit to the dark days of the Middle Ages, shows how urgent is the need of efficient action, on the part of England and France, in behalf of Italian reform. Here is the textual translation of this precious document:

"By these presents it is permitted to the Jew ——— ———, native of Ferrara, to absent himself during the space of one month, in order to betake himself to Bologna on commercial business, upon the express condition that his conduct shall be free from all offence both against our holy religion and against good morals during his absence from the Ghetto, and that as soon as he shall return, he shall at once restore this permit to the Inquisition, and that he shall not absent himself again without a new written permission, declaring that the present license shall be without value if the bearer, on arriving at his place of destination, do not immediately present it to the Bishop, to the Inquisitor, or to their Vicar, of the said place, and if the *visa* of the Inquisition in that place be not appended to it. It shall also be without value if the said personages consider, for sufficient reasons, that it ought to be made null, or that its duration should be limited. On the contrary, they may, for sufficient reasons, accord to the said ——— ——— a prolongation of this permit for a fixed time, either for the same place, or for any other place within the limits of their respective Diocese or Inquisition.

FERRARA, Nov. —, 1856.

"BROTHER PHIL. MENGHI, *of the Order of Preaching Friars:*"

In the right-hand lower corner of this permit is the seal of the Inquisition, with these words, "*Sigillum S. Officii Ferrariæ.*

The *Journal de Geneve* reports that the baker employed to make the communion-wafers for the Catholic Church in a little Swiss town, having used potato flour instead of wheaten flour for this purpose, the fact has just come to the knowledge of the bishop, who has caused all the children who had just taken these wafers in their "first communion" to go through that ceremony a second time, the said potato-flour wafers being considered as "not the right thing," despite their having been duly consecrated in the usual fashion!

The story lately put forth by a clerical journal of Brussels, to the effect that the poet Beranger had accepted, notwithstanding his well known abhorrence of dynastic tyrannies a pension from the Empress Eugenie; accompanying this assertion with various insulting insinuations and comments against the aged and illustrious song-maker; has caused Beranger's editor to come out with a letter in which he indignantly rebuts these charges, and sets the matter in its true light. It seems that, last summer, the Empress learned how very poor Beranger really is (for his income is scarcely more than $200 a year) and she sent her private secretary to the editor of the poet's work, and proposed to pay to him, for Beranger's use, a certain sum annually, stipulating expressly that the poet should not be informed of this fact, but should be made to believe that the extra sum proceeded from the sale of his poems. But this gentleman, not feeling at liberty to accept or reject the Empress's offer without consulting the poet, at once informed him of the proposition. Beranger, thereupon, wrote to the Empress, thanking her for her amiable intentions, and the delicate way in which she had wished to aid him, but positively declining to accept her offer. And so the matter ended, until this ill-natured calumny was set agoing.

A Persian Embassy has just been established in Paris; composed of the most distinguished subjects of the Schah. They have brought a quantity of the magnificent shawls, strings of pearls, and perfumes, which are esteemed so highly in Persia, as gifts for the Imperial Court.

Another incident which brings with it a sort of whiff of the Arabian Nights, is the singular good luck that has just befallen a poor woman of the good old town of Munster, a dealer in cast-off clothes, and second hand furniture, of the lowest grade in her profession. It seems that a poor family in that town, unable to pay their rent, had their furniture seized, a lot of miserable trash, that was sold for next to nothing, by the landlord, to this old-clothes woman. Among the other trumpery thus brought to her, was a necklace of false pearls, valued at two thalers; a string of bits of dirty glass.—Some time afterwards the woman thought she would clean up this necklace, and offer it for sale, when, to her amazement, she found that a bead in the middle of the string became so brilliant and beautiful that she ran off to the nearest jeweller's, to know what it could be.—The poor creature's raptures may be "better imagined than described," when she learned that this beautiful bead was neither more nor less than a great diamond of the very purest water, so valuable that, it is rumored, only some crowned head can indulge the caprice of purchasing it! The old-clothes woman is, even now, making a tour among the principal German jewellers, and taking measures to dispose of it according to its value. Whether she is able, meantime, to economize candles by hanging up the precious jewel over her fire-place at night, as did the fisherman's family in the incomparable stories alluded to above, does not appear.

The public of Paris, condemned to more vulgar methods of obtaining light during the sun's absence, is rejoicing in the possession of 108 733 street gas-lights, the tubes conveying the gas through the city being 9,750 yards in length. In the less civilized streets there are still 2,608 oil-lamps, and in the interior of the houses, there are not fewer than 2,000,000 jets of gas. It is calculated that, if these scattered lights could be united into one globe of flame, and suspended at a height of 1,100 yards above the centre of Paris, the entire Department of the Seine would be as light, at night, as it is on a cloudy day.

It is doubtful, however, whether such a substitute for the rays of the celestial luminary would serve the purpose of the photographers, by whom, at the order of the Government, all the inscriptions on the Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities in the various museums, are to be copied for the benefit of all who may wish to study them.

While on the subject of copying, I may mention the admirable reproduction of oil-paintings, water-colors, sepias, pencil drawings, &c., which a M. Desjardins of this city, has succeeded in obtaining, after many years of laborious and patient effort. These copies, which are literally *fac-similes*, are obtained by printing in colors; each copy undergoing four successive impressions (in yellow, blue, umber, and red) which, superposed, reproduce the most complicated effects of coloring. The copies thus obtained cost a mere trifle, yet are so exactly the equivalents of the originals, that it is impossible for an artist to distinguish between them and his own work. The labors of M. Desjardins will doubtless do much toward carrying the refining presence of Art and Beauty into the abodes of that large portion of our fellow-beings whose rude and sordid avocations call so especially for such counteracting influences.

QUANTUM.

THE POISONER OF SPRINGS.

It was on my way from Venice to the siege of Sebastopol. My ticket from Trieste to Constantinople allowed me four months on the way. The steamer called at Molfetta, a little port of Apulia on the Adriatic, where I left my luggage in bond, and stepped across the uncle of Italy to Naples, with a bundle in a yellow pocket-handkerchief slung over my shoulder on a stout stick. I was dressed like a Neapolitan lout and spoke the dialect. I went by the great road, sometimes trudging in the sun and dust, sometimes getting a lift on the casks of a wine-cart, or the foot-board or a corricolo. In short, by hook or by crook, I got to Naples. But in the line of the high road the crook principle so much predominated (making a huge angle at Foggia) that on my return I resolved to relinquish the circuitous accommodations of the high road, and cut straight across the country on my own hook. I struck inland at Salerno. Night fell before I was half-way to Eboli, and I slept in the manger of a roadside albergo. At dawn I resumed my journey—fraternised with some wagoners who overtook me, and got a lift. They were on their way to buy corn at Rionuro. We breakfasted on fried sardines at Eboli, and entered into a vociferous, gesticulative, but finally infructuous treaty for a cargo of water-melons as we were quitting the moist levels, where they grew, to slant up among the mountains whose lofty crags, wreathed in blue films of distance, look down upon the watery plains of Paestum.

An hour or two before sunset, we were well in among the mountains, and stopped at a private house in Oliveto, to buy some barley for use on the road. Though it was but a small bag of barley, there were a good many words about it. While the bargain was pending, as the day had been very hot, and I was thirsty, I asked if they had any water tolerably fresh from the spring. It seemed an innocent thing to ask; they gave me a glass of water, but it was the immediate cause of getting me into trouble.

I should inform the reader that the cholera was in Naples—five hundred were dying daily there—and all the subjects of Ferdinand the Fat (who set an inordinate value on their lazy inglorious lives, and are innocent of predestinarian principles or any other incentives of valor, whether Mahometan or Calvinistic) were in the utmost degree of trepidation. Still, why should I not drink my glass of water? It is true I wore a peaked beard which did not match very well with my peasant's costume, and Bomba has declared that men with beards are dangerous. My beard, moreover, was of an ultra-republican color.

The barley bargain had been concluded, the water drunk, and our wagon was trundling down the steep street, while I sat in my shirt sleeves smoking and admiring the sunset among the purple peaks, when a man came running after us, and cried:

"Stop! the brigadier wishes to see this man," pointing to me.

"And who and where may the brigadier be, by your favor?" said I.

"The Corporal Salzalo, at the guard-house," said he.

"Ask the Corporal Brigadier Salzalo, with my compliments, to step down here, where he may inspect my passport and receive a gratification of five grains (twopence) to drink my health."

In my innocence I thought it was only a case of *bottiglia*; I had no idea of the vials of wrath which my draught of water had uncorked in Oliveto.

Meanwhile, my companions the carretteri were astonished and shocked at the loftiness and indiscretion of my message to a functionary in so high authority, and besought me to answer his summons in person; so that, bethinking myself that an humble deportment might harmonise better with my costume, I came down from my wagon and accompanied the messenger.

All the inhabitants of the place seemed crowded about the guard house, and stared at me with angry curiosity. The Corporal Salzalo received me with grim austerity, and was, indeed, a very gaunt, hard-featured, ill-omened looking official. He seized me rudely by the arm, and drew me into the guard-house, wherein a bewildered and scared little man, vainly attempting to assume a magisterial severity of aspect, sat on a rush-bottomed curule chair. This was the Giudice of Oliveto.

"Show your papers!" thundered the corporal.

"Behold them!" said I, unfolding a Foreign Office passport, bound in maroon morocco, signed with the flowing pen of Palmerston.

The brigadier, determined to do his business thoroughly, began to peruse the preambular recitation of his lordship's titles, orders, and appointments.

"That is English," said I, "which you cannot understand; what it touches you to examine, is the visa of his Sicilian majesty's Minister of Foreign Affairs, which is at the other end of the book."

The brigadier signified by twitching the passport away from my indications of Caraffa's signature, and by sundry explosive growls, that he did not wish to be instructed in his business as a military diplomatist. Soon, however, both he and the judge lost their interest in the passport, which they could neither of them make anything of, and had only examined by way of form.

"We must now make a corporeal perquisition," said the brigadier, laying hold of me again, and putting his hands *into my pockets*.

"I am an English gentleman," I began.

"We see you are," interrupted the corporal, in a tone of triumphant condemnation, as if he had forced me into a most full and satisfactory confession of my guilt.

"I am an English gentleman," I continued, "and I warn you that it will be a signal infraction of international law to search my person—my papers being regular—without just cause of suspicion."

No notice was taken of my remonstrances, and the search resulted in the discovery and sequestration of a pistol, an illegally long-nosed clasp-knife, and a powder-flask. My remonstrances had been made with a view to these forbidden pieces of hardware; and I was surprised that their discovery did not produce more sensation.

The pistol was pronounced to be loaded, and laid aside with the knife; the powder-flask fell in for much the largest share of attention. The corporal inspected it narrowly, poured a little powder into the palm of his hand, rubbed it with his finger, smelt it, and, on the evidence of his military nostril, with much solemnity pronounced it to be gunpowder, neither more nor less—he and the bystanders seeming disappointed at not finding it something infinitely more deadly.

Then my bundle in the yellow pocket-handkerchief was scrutinized. It contained a coat, waistcoat, and trowsers of fawn-colored Indian silk, a Turkish Grammar, a few pocket-handkerchiefs and socks, an ink-stand, and a little packet of steel pens. The ink-stand was pounced upon with the greatest eagerness as a most suspicious article. It was a square, spring ink-stand, covered with black morocco leather. It was opened, after the corporal having tried his hand in vain, by myself. The corporal was about to perform his analysis of the compounds of this mysterious vessel, by pouring some of it on the floor, when I suggested that there was very little of it, and that by dipping a slip of paper in it, a needless extravagance might be avoided.

Conceded. The corporal smeared a little on the palm of his hand, applied his tongue, and pronounced it to be neither more nor less than ink. The steel pens proved no more satisfactory.

The wagoners were now rigorously interrogated. They protested, in a plaintive tone, and with deprecatory gesticulations, that they were innocent of any complicity in any crime of which I might or might not be guilty; and that the combination had been thus, that they had overtaken me on the road, and had given me a lift, and that they wanted to get to the next village to pass the night. This was at once refused; for how then could I continue my journey when liberated? I begged they might not be detained on my account. They were permitted to depart, and I rewarded them for the trouble they had been at, and my day's journey, with the handsome sum of sixteen pence, which they gratefully accepted.

After they were gone, I was conducted to the cancellaria, or town-hall, where the corporation of the place proceeded to make a proces-verbal of my case, to be laid before the Guidice of Condursi, a neighboring village, the capo luogo (head place) of the district; for the judge who had superintended my search in the guard-room was but a giudice supplente, or vice-judge.

While the cancelliere was drawing up his state-paper, I sat in the conclave, and swaggered, in an affable manner, about my rank and importance. I informed them that I was a jurisconsult of the interior temple of the law of Great Britain. That my father was an eminent senator of the imperial parliament; that I was a personal friend of her Majesty's representative at the court of the King of the Sicilies, to whom it would be my duty to announce the infraction of international relations, in which the authorities of Oliveto had inconsiderately involved themselves.

A good deal of my vaporings went over the heads of my rustic functionaries; but I saw that they began to be dimly conscious that they might have possibly been guilty of an indiscretion. Some of them began to congratulate themselves on having had nothing to do with my arrest, and the sub-giudice became conspicuously uncomfortable.

Nevertheless, a messenger had been despatched to the superior judge at Condursi, and no answer came till it was time to think of supper and bed rather than continuing my journey. I supped, wrote indignant letters to the embassy, and slept, with Salzalo and another corporal in my ante-room.

Next morning at daybreak I went out into the street with Corporal Salzalo as my guard. I found that no answer had come from the giudice, so I ordered a mule to be ready to go to Condursi myself, and in the meantime had my breakfast. This morning I was clothed in silk apparel; wore gold rings on my fingers, and antique coins for buttons in my waistcoat.

On my expressing an impatience to start for Condurzi, the brigadier informed me with some asperity that orders had arrived to take me there whether I would or no, and they were waiting for the guard. Soon a body of Urban musketers assembled with the Capurbano at their head. This eminent political chief was a pompous little man, full of the dignity of conducting a state prisoner to trial. He carried his musket in a military style, and seemed much embarrassed when, as I rode along with his troop, I treated him with a patronising condescension of manner—inquiring about the produce of the country, the state of the vines, and how the olive-crop promised.

I felt a malicious pleasure in behaving with a negligent levity which quite neutralised the gravity of the occasion. When he fell behind to avoid further conversation, which he evidently felt was lowering him in the eyes of his guard, and which the grim Corporal Salzalo had given him a hint to discontinue, I talked jocularly with the owner of the mule, smoked cigarettes, and to crown all, gathered and ate blackberries from the hedges.

There was no law, even in the kingdom of Naples, to prevent my comporting myself as if I had been going to Condursi for my own pleasure, and had hired the party to guise and guard me; but I am sure that if I had adopted a "dejected 'havior of visage," both the Capurbano and Corporal Salzalo would have loved me better.

The road wound along a valley, watered by a stinking sulphurous stream. After about three miles we came to Condursi, a much smaller place than Oliveto, and approachable only by rugged mountain tracks, whereas Oliveto stands on a new and very tolerable road. I had been revolving the line of argument I should use to the giudice as I came, and this fact furnished a valuable stepping-stone. The judicial residence was in a large semi-fortified building, which occupied the abutting end of the hill on which the village was built; commanding a fine wide view, with the bold crags and precipices of Il Scorzo* in the distance.

We entered beneath a massive and somewhat dilapidated archway, where I left my mule. After passing through courts and corridors, or what not, for I don't recollect much of the building except that it was large,—and only the chamber or two used by the judge seemed to be inhabited—we were ushered into the presence.

In the kingdom of Naples, the judges of small places are selected from the class of advocates, who must have some little education; and have seen a few years of something like civilization in the metropolis. I therefore calculated on being able to reach the understanding of this functionary a little more effectually than I had been able to do in the case of the mountain burghers of Oliveto. Nor was I disappointed. He was a crop-headed, smug-shaven, oily-complexioned man of about thirty, with the dark and shapeless features which belong to his race. I knew that he would decide in my case much more from his impressions of my bearing and outward man than from any inherent principles of law or equity; so I took care to enter his apartment as if I had been a distinguished visitor, and the corporal and capurbano a pair of Italian noblemen who were doing him and themselves the honor of introducing me. He received me with a profusion of politeness, and a look of some surprise. No doubt, in my silk attire and jewelry, I was a different culprit from what the proces-verbal had led him to expect. He set me a chair, and I was seated. The corporal and capurbano stood looking on in silent astonishment at the manner of my reception. The corporal, recovering himself a little, pulled out the clasp-knife, pistol and powder-flask, and laid them on the table with a circumstantial clank. As the judge seemed rather at a loss what to say, I began to state my case as an aggrieved person.

"You will have perceived, Signor Giudice," I said, "that my papers are in complete regularity."

"Anzi signor perfettamente" (quite so,) he answered.

"You will also be aware that the authorities of Oliveto have used an indiscretion in arresting me, which is only to be accounted for by a deplorable ignorance and incapacity. They have even had the temerity to subject me, an English gentleman, to personal scrutiny, performed in the presence of the vice judge by this impolite military man, in no gentle fashion. This inconsiderate proceeding is, I need not inform one so well versed in the precepts of Vattel and Puffendorf, a paramount infraction of international relations, for which, if represented through my ambassador to his Sicilian majesty the vice-judge would probably be destituted, and the corporal degraded."

Here the grim Corporal Salzalo began an indignant outburst, instantly cut short by the judge, who at this stage of the proceedings motioned both himself and the capurbano to withdraw, which they accordingly did, looking considerably chapfallen. "Were their meritorious efforts in apprehending dangerous foreigners to be rewarded with contumelious usage like this?" However, a judge is a judge; and, as there was no appeal, out they bundled, to grumble at leisure in the ante-room.

"It has been a most unfortunate mistake, which I regret exceedingly," said the judge; "and I should have great pleasure in at once expediting you on your journey; my only difficulty is that these prohibited weapons (pointing to the pistol, &c.,) have been found, for which you appear to have no permit."

"I have a permit somewhere among my luggage, which is left at Molfetta. I should not like to relinquish these weapons, nor indeed feel safe on my solitary journey without them. I therefore trust that they may be restored to me."

"I would willingly do so, but indeed it is not in my power. The decisions of cases in which firearms are concerned belongs to the jurisdiction of the military prefect of the district. He lives about ten miles off. I could send and lay the case before him; that is, if you could wait."

I saw only a little pressure was wanted, and I had a value for the pistol which I once on a time recaptured victoriously, on the banks of Guadiana, from a goatherd clad in sheepskin, and armed with a musket, who had stolen it from me; and should I give it up now, when it was but in the possession of an amicably-disposed judge, armed only with a scruple of legal conscience? Have at you, thought I, with a legal quibble; am I not a barrister of the interior temple? Have I worn a wig and bands in the courts of Westminster for nothing? So I drew up the battalia of a baddish argument in the best array I might, and charged him thus:—

"If I waited, the military prefect might also refer me back to some other authority, till at last I got to Naples, and should have to begin my journey afresh. I have already been detained unduly and inconveniently. I was arrested by persons incompetent to decide whether my papers were in order. I have been referred to you three miles out of the great road by which travellers pass. Oliveto is also a larger place than this, and the superior judge ought to reside there. If I represented the inconvenience I have suffered, this might very likely be remedied. Perhaps it is not greatly to your advantage that I should do so, because in the creation of a judicate in Oliveto, and the annulment of that of Condursi, vested interests might be overlooked, though I sincerely hope you might be re-appointed. Then, as touching these weapons, I need scarcely remind so perspicacious a jurist that, as they were discovered by a perquisition in direct contravention of international rights, to the eye of judicial diplomacy the weapons are invisible, intangible, and therefore clearly undetainable. True, they were discovered, and the rash persons who did so thereby laid themselves open to be deprived of their functions. But since these weapons were thus illegally discovered, you possess no legal cognizance of them whatever. You legally see and know no more of them than if they were at this moment still in my pocket—thus (here I took them up and put them in my pocket, by way of illustration; feeling assured that it was a great point to get them out of sight.)

"And now," I continued, "we were just now talking theoretically of certain pistols, knives, and powder flasks, which, for my part, I do not see before me; do you? But if you have any, even the most remote suspicion that I have such things concealed about my person, you are at perfect liberty to institute a personal search,—but at the risk, I must warn you, of placing yourself in the predicament of the authorities of Oliveto."

I could perceive during this harangue, especially in the passage relating to the change of judicate from Condursi to Oliveto, signs of uneasiness in the countenance of the judge. He was manifestly relieved at the disappearance of the corpora delicti—and at the end of it he took a long breath, rose, shook hands, and wished me a prosperous journey. His hand was in a clammy perspiration. I left his presence as much elated with my successful pleading, as I was when I frightened the sheepskin-clad musketeer of La Mancha.

My interview had only cost me about half-an-hour. My muleteer was in waiting with my mule and bundle before the archway, and it was only about nine o'clock, so that I might still make a good day's journey. I saw the corporal and capurbano slinking away sulkily in the distance, as I mounted.

But though I was in so good spirits at the happy termination of my troubles, the old muleteer looked upon the affair in quite a different light.

"What, are you not to be imprisoned after all? Caspite! You must pay me now for the hire of my mule."

"My bargain was to come here and go back to Oliveto. So move on."

"I never expected you would come back at all. They said you were sure to be put in prison."

"I don't care what they said—move on.—And so you hoped I might be put in prison, that you might ride back home. Oh, wicked and malevolent old man! Do you call yourself a Christian, and wish evil to innocent persons? There is no redemption for such a dog's heart. Come, move a little faster. It is no use being sulky. I am not a man to be trifled with."

For a little while, he hung back doggedly, and grumbled when I kicked the hollow-sounding ribs of the mule; but, by degrees, my objurgations and expostulations took effect. He became interested, moreover, in the account I gave him of my interview with the guidice.—After about two miles, as he was old and stiff, and I wanted to get over the ground, I let him ride a little, while I stepped out at a round pace. This won him over altogether to good humor, and he became very communicative.—He wanted to know if it was true that I was a very great English nobleman, and whether I was a guidice in my own country?

During our conversation, it struck him that I seemed unaware of the reason why I had been arrested.

"And does your excellency not know what they thought, and why it was they spoke to the Corporal Salzalo and the guidice?"

"No, indeed," said I, and to say the truth, I had been so busy thinking of getting back my weapons, that it had never occurred to me to inquire of the judge under what suspicion I had been arrested, setting it down to the generally absurd police arrangements in the kingdom of Naples.

"Why, you see, eccellenza, the cholera is very rife, and they saw you were a foreigner, though you talk almost Italian, and they wondered what you could be, and the carretteri could not tell them what you were. And then you asked for a glass of water, and asked if the water of the fountains was good, and so they thought you were travelling to spread the cholera—they thought you were a poisoner of springs."

Now, at last, I saw through the whole mystery, and laughed very heartily at the adventure, which carried one back to the level of European civilization in the days of the Plague. It was lucky, as it happened, that I had no medicines with me, for if any suspicious-looking powder had been found in my bundle, the people of Oliveto at the time of my arrest were quite in a humor to have torn me in pieces.

* Il Scorzo, the husk—pronounced too shkoorts by the natives—is the great mountain behind the plains of Paestum, trending inland about opposite the middle of the Gulf of Salerno.

THE PATENT ANTI-GAROTTE OVERCOAT.

Mr. Tremble—alarmed at the stories about Garotting which he reads daily in the papers—borrows a hint from his wife's crinoline, and invents what he calls his "Patent Anti-Garotte Overcoat," which places him completely out of h-arm's reach in his nightly walks home from his business.

MY HORSE.

With a glancing eye and curving mane,
He neighs and champs on the bridle-rein,
One spring, and his saddled back I press,
And ours is a common happiness!
'Tis the rapture of motion—a hurrying cloud
When the loosened winds are breathing loud;—
A shaft from the painted Indian's bow,—
A bird in the pride of speed we go.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now,
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,
And naught is at rest but the arching sky,
And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song!

There is life in the breeze as we hasten on;
With each bound some care of earth has gone,
And the languid pulse begins to play,
And the sight of my soul is turned to day.
A richer verdure the earth o'erspreads,
Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads;
And its voice, to the flowers that bend above,
Is soft as the whisper of early love.
With fragrance spring-flowers have burdened the air,
And the blue-bird and robin are twittering there.

Lovely tokens of gladness, I marked ye not
When last I roamed o'er this self same spot.
Ah! then the deep shadows of Sorrow's mien
Fell like a blight on the happy scene,
And Nature, with all her love and grace,
In the depths of the spirit could find no place.

So the vexed breast of the mountain lake,
When wind and rain mad revelry make,
Turbid and gloomy and wildly tossed,
Retains no trace of the beauty lost:
But when through the moist air, bright and warm,
The sun looks down with his golden charm,
And clouds have fled, and the wind is lull,
Oh! then the changed lake, how beautiful!

The glistening trees in their shady ranks,
And the ewe, with her lamb, along its banks,
And the king-fisher perched on the wither'd bough,
And the pure blue heaven all pictured below!

Bound proudly, my steed; nor bound proudly in vain,
Since thy master is now himself again.
And thine be the praise, when medical power
Is idle, to conquer the darkened hour—
By the might of thy sounding hoof, to win
Beauty without and a joy within;
Beauty, else to my eyes unseen,
And joy, that then had a stranger been.

—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

Sagacity of the Bear.—Several anecdotes which were related to me by our guide, concerning the habits of the black bear, would seem to entitle him to a higher position in the scale of animal instinct and sagacity than that of almost any other quadruped. For instance, he says that before making his bed to lie down, the animal invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind; and with the bear's keen sense of smell, he is almost certain to be made aware of his presence, and has time to escape before he is himself seen. He also states that, when pursued, the bear sometimes takes refuge in caves in the earth or rocks, where the hunter often endeavors, by making a smoke at the entrance to force him out; but it not unfrequently happens that, instead of coming out when the smoke becomes too oppressive, he very deliberately advances to the fire, and with his fore-feet beats upon it until it is extinguished; then retreats into the cave. This, he assured me, he had often seen. Although those statements would seem to endow bruin with something more than mere animal instinct, and evince a conception of the connexion between cause and effect, yet another anecdote which was related to me would go to prove this curious quadruped one of the most stupid fellows in the brute creation. My informant says that when the bear cannot be driven out of the cave by smoke, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to enter the cavern in search of him. One would suppose this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the animal would soon eject the presumptuous intruder; but, on the contrary, as soon as he sees the light approaching, he sits upright on his haunches, and with his fore-paws covers his face and eyes, and remains in this position until the light is removed. Thus the hunter is enabled to approach as close as he desires without danger, and taking deadly aim with his faithful rifle, poor bruin is slain.—These facts have been stated to me by three different Indians, in whose veracity I have much confidence, and I have no doubt are strictly true.—*The Far West.*

A New Use for Hoops.—The Albany Transcript is responsible for the following: "Recently a gentleman and lady of a neighboring city were enjoying a sleigh ride, when one of the traces was broken beyond all hope of repair, and at a point where no assistance could be had. In this emergency the lady produced from her expander a good cotton rope sufficient to make another. Things were fixed, and the parties moved on." So much has been said against hoops, that, as a matter of justice, we give publicity to this evidence in their favor.

A Frog Story.—One is even half-inclined to accept as indubitable what Elian tells us of the water snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and accordingly, when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his own open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives it up in despair; and "froggy," plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale, and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.—*Dr. Doran.*

Lycurgus.—Lycurgus, the Spartan reformer, through whose wise institutions the Spartan republic so long flourished, had an eye beat out in a sedition which was raised against him on account of the severity of his laws. When the tumult was appeased, the man who had given him the blow, was brought to him a prisoner, in order that he might inflict upon him such punishment as he should think proper. But Lycurgus, instead of doing the fellow the least injury, took him into his family, and made him one of his disciples in the rules of virtue and good morality. Having kept him thus for about a year, he brought him publicly into the assembly of the people, and exhibited him for an example of as much virtue then, as he had been before of every vice. "This," says he, "is the man that came under my care, proud, outrageous, and dissipated; behold I restore him again to the community, humble, gentle, regular, and altogether fit to do the public service."

An Unpoetical Wife.—Siebenbas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth and everything else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question: "What shall I warm up for supper?" and she could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but toward his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Early Translations of the Bible.—The translation of the Bible was begun very early in England. Some part of it was done by King Alfred. Adelmus translated the Psalms into Saxon in 709. Other parts were done by Edfrid or Egbert, 750; the whole by Bede. In 1357, Trevisa published the whole in English. Tindall's translation appeared in 1534, was revised and altered in 1538, published with a preface of Cranmer's in 1549, and allowed to be read in churches. In 1551, another translation was published, which being revised by several Bishops, was printed with their alterations in 1560. In 1618, a new translation was published by authority, which is that in present use. There was not any translation of it into the Irish language till 1685. The Pope did not give his permission for the translation of it into any language till 1759.

The proprietor of a large public house in Cork was observed on the day of the funeral to be very demonstrative in his outward manifestations of mourning. Not only did he appear in a suit of black with a long crape hat band, but his shutters were kept strictly closed; not a chink was allowed to betray the nature of the liquid merchandise within.

"How is it," asked a gentleman, "that you are grieving for Father Mathew's death? I should have thought you would rather have rejoiced at it."

"Ah, yer honor," said the man, with that indescribable wink of mingled cunning and drollery, which none but an Irish eye can contrive to execute—"sure I wouldn't sell a drop o' whiskey to-night, if I didn't put up my shutters to-day!"

The Three Physicians.—The celebrated French physican, Dumoulin, on his death-bed, when surrounded by the most distinguished citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain in his death, said—

"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself."

Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered,

"Water, Exercise and Diet."

A Magic River.—In the province of Andalusia, in Spain, there is a river called the Tinto, from the hues of its water which are as yellow as topaz. If a stone happens to fall in and rest upon another, they become perfectly united and conglutinated. All the plants on its banks are withered by it waters whenever they overflow. No kind of verdure will come up where its waters reach, nor can any fish live in its stream. Its waters contain the oxyd of mercury and iron in solution, hence their destructive influence on fish and herbage.

☞ Curious Epitaph.—A lady having met with a fatal accident, the following epitaph was inscribed on her tombstone:—

"Sad was her death! she met it thus:
She was druv over by a buss."

☞ A Crack Shot.—"I never shot a bird in my life," said one to another. "I never shot anything in the shape of a *bird* except a *squirrel*, and that I killed with a *stone*, when it fell from a tree into the river and was drowned," was the reply.

☞ There are some faults in conduct, and some in conversation and writing, which are not to be condemned nor to be pardoned, but to be forgotten.

A CURIOUS QUESTION.

A daughter!
Well, what brought her?

Kitty asks—"How came she here?"
Half with joy and half with fear.
Kitty is our eldest child,
Eight years old, and rather wild—
Wild in manner, but in mind
Wishing all things well defined.
Kitty says, "How came she here,
Father? Tell me. It's so queer.
Yesterday we had no sister,
Else I'm sure I should have missed her
When I went to bed last night;
And this morning hailed her sight
With a strange and new delight.
For, indeed, it passes all
To have a sister not so tall
As my doll; and with blue eyes;
And—I do declare—it cries!
Last night I didn't see her, father;
Or, I'm sure, I had much rather
Stayed at home, as still as a mouse,
Than played all day at grandma's house.
She is so pretty, and so tiny;
And, what makes her face so shiny?
Will it always be like that?
Will she swell up, plump and fat,
Like my little doll; or tall,
Like my wax one? Tell me all—
All about her, papa, dear,
For I do so long to hear
Where she came from, and what brought her—
Your's and mamma's bran new daughter."

A daughter—another daughter!
And the question is, "What brought her?"
Spence, our boy, but three years old,
Says the nurse did—and is bold
In defiance of them both—
Since to yield his place he's loth,
And pouting, feels his nose's point
When I declare 'tis out of joint.
But, though the childish explanation
Be food enough for child's vexation,
We older folk must better find
To feed the hunger of the mind.
To us, of larger issues preaching,
This link of life eternal, reaching
From earth to heaven, this new-born soul,
Come fresh from where forever roll
Its countless years through yonder heaven,
Hath deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!
And what brought her?
No matter what; she comes to bring
A blessing in her life's young spring.
"No matter, darlings! she is here—
Our daughter, sister, baby dear.
Open your hearts, and let her enter,
Open them wide, for God hath sent her!"

S. W. C.

—*Democratic Review.*

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

Whether the theologians be right or wrong who tell us we err in believing there is Scriptural authority for the fact that men have degenerated greatly in size since the days before the flood, we do not here inquire; but we must needs begin a little talk concerning giants, with a popular belief that Adam and Eve and all the first men who inhabited the earth were of gigantic stature. We read in Camerarius certain exact facts about their size. The first men were so tall, that when they stood upright on earth their heads brushed against the stars, and they were called the Emephimi. After many years they were followed by a second race, that of the Phataimi, whose heads only reached to the clouds. After these came the men called by the Egyptians Cygini, who were the giants proper, and whose race lasted until the time of Noah. Of the giants named in Scripture, the one about whom the greatest number of marvels have been told by the Rabbinical writers is Og, King of Basan. His legs, the Rabbins taught, were three miles long. More modest by far is the commentary of a German divine, named Lange, who, reading in the fifth book of Moses, that Og had an iron bed, nine cubits in length and four in breadth, suggests that such breadth and width do not correspond to the harmonious proportions of a man. Probably, therefore, Og's bed was made longer and wider than himself, for the convenience of his turning about when he lay in it; and that it may not have been made of iron merely because of his weight, but as a precaution against vermin. Some thousand years after Og's death, there was said to have been found, near Jerusalem, a mighty cavern, inscribed in Chaldaic letters, "Here lies Giant Og." Nothing was found in it, however, except one of his teeth, whereof the weight was four pounds and a quarter. It was offered to the Emperor of Germany, as a favor, at two thousand dollars; but he had his doubts, and did not close with the bargain.

Homer regrets the dwindling of the bodies of men from their pristine heroical proportions. The heathen poets fabled also of a race of Titans that made war against their gods, and piled mountains on each other, meaning to storm Heaven. Then there were also Homer's enormous one-eyed cannibals, the Cyclopes.

Solinus and Pomponius Mela tell of an Indian people among whom the men were so tall that they leaped and sat astride upon the backs of elephants as readily as others leap upon the backs of horses. These men capered about upon their elephants, having them bitted, and bridled, and obedient as horses to their hands. Diodorus Siculus, however, tells of a nation of much more remarkable giants, which inhabited some southern isle. They were said to be taller by four ells than other men, and to have soft bones that bent throughout their whole bodies as readily as tendon. They had also cleft tongues, or rather two tongues in each mouth, and with the two tongues they could talk at the same time in two different languages.

In northern Europe the great barrows have caused the idea that they were large men who required such grave mounds; and the Romans were not slow to magnify their own achievements by a magnifying of the size of the barbarians with whom they fought; though Florus puts the case with modesty in saying that "The more enormous were the bodies of the Germans, the more easily were they to be struck with sword and spear."

The dark fancies of the north clinging about the giants, made a new race of them in the legends of the middle ages. They were fearful, brutal, godless, cannibal beings, who tore even unborn children from their mothers, as the daintiest of meat; who did not respect their own kin, but lived upon the rule of might is right among themselves. A giant with a charming daughter, if he did not wish her to be stolen by his friends, set bears and other savage creatures at the chamber-door. These giants were so wicked and so dangerous, that it became the duty of honest men to assist in their extirpation; because they were too tall for ordinary modes of attack, the usual way of fighting them was to batter them about the shins with heavy clubs, until, having their legs broken, they fell, and could be struck in a more vital part. The efforts to exterminate these giants, made when Jack-the-Giant-Killer was the type of a philanthropist, very much thinned their race, and caused the survivors to betake themselves to fastnesses, and live on islands, by sea-coasts and watercourses, in great deserts or upon steep mountains. Thence they made sallies against the hostile race of men, whenever they perceived that they could catch a victim or two unawares.

In later times, much was said of the discovery of giants in America. Antonio Pigafetta, in speaking of the Spaniards with whom he went to the Straits of Magellan, says that his countrymen's crowns reached only to the hips of the people living by the Bay of Saint Julian. Leonard de Argensola, writing of the capture of the Moluccas, says that Magellan took away from the Straits named after him, men ten or eleven feet high, who died upon the voyage for want of their accustomed food. Another writer says that a Dutch boat's crew once fought in this part of the world with giants, who pulled up whole trees for use as shields against the bullets. Of the Patagonians, whom the Spaniards named because of their stature, from the word for a large measure, (Patagon meaning, in Spanish, a great foot,) it is enough to say, that every one now knows them to be no giants, though undoubtedly a tall race of men, generally five feet ten inches, or six feet high, and exceeding six feet oftener than Europeans do. Some of them are occasionally to be seen who have attained the height of six feet five inches, or six feet seven inches.

Americus Vesputius is answerable for another tale of giants, found upon an island not far from the mainland of America. Nine Spaniards went into its interior, having already observed gigantic footsteps, and found in a valley five huge huts, in which were two huge women and three daughters, by whom food was set before the strangers. Presently there arrived six and-thirty men, of greater stature than the women, who stood at a distance, making no attack, but presently followed the Europeans to their boat, and swam after them, shooting at them with bows and arrows, while they swam. They were put to flight by a discharge or two of cannon. Another story of this sort reported that there was a cannibal race of perfectly white giants, the Guaimures, in Brazil, carrying huge bows and arrows. The Guaimures were never known to fight in bands, but always made their attack singly, preying like the tiger upon any victim they could seize. These beings, it was said, ate their own children.

So much for giant races. Single giants that have been discovered here and there one may believe in, when the story of them is content to preserve reasonable bounds. Strabo tells of the skeleton of a giant sixty cubits—ninety or more feet—long, that was found near the city of Tangier. It was said to be the skeleton of Antæus, an old king of Mauritania. Pliny tells how, on the island of Crete, a mountain was split by an earthquake, and there was disclosed, standing erect in the midst of it, the body of a giant seventy feet high, who was supposed by some to be Orion.

At Trapani, in Sicily, there was, if we believe the record, found in a cavern the skeleton of a man three hundred feet high. It was in a sitting posture, and leant with the left hand upon a staff taller than any fir tree. When the discovery was made, the inhabitants of the district fled, but afterwards there were collected three hundred armed men, who ventured near. That was the skeleton of Polyphemus.

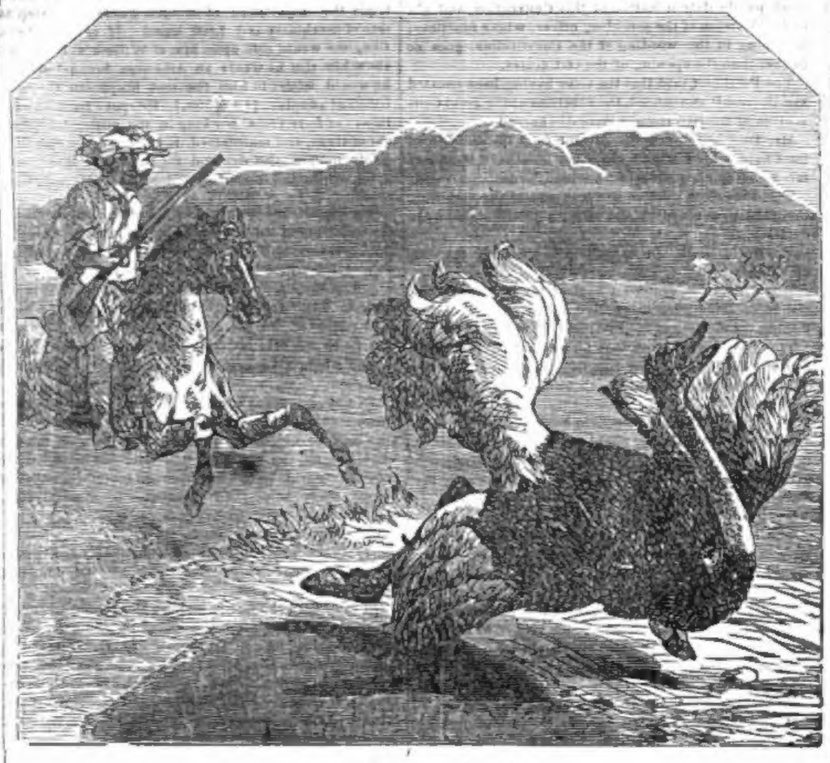
In the year fourteen hundred and one, says Boccaccio, there was discovered near Rome the grave of Pallantes, the companion of Æneas. The body was still whole and sound, as though but newly buried. It was taller than the walls of Rome. There was a great wound in the breast, and near the head there burnt a lamp, which nothing could extinguish.

Charlemagne, if we believe the record, had in his army a great Swiss named Aeother, who forded rivers that were unbridged, whatever their depth, and mowed down men like grass. The men slain by him in fight he strung upon his spear like larks, and carried swung over his shoulder.

Melchior Nunez says, that in his time the Chinese gate-keepers of Pekin were all of them fifteen feet high, and that the Emperor of China had five hundred such men for his gate-keepers and body-guard. There is a proverb about knowing Hercules by his foot: after the battle of Muhlberg, when Charles the Fifth had taken prisoner John Frederic, the Electoral Prince of Saxony, the Spanish ambassador cunningly displayed the court of France the magnitude of the triumph, not, indeed, by exhibiting John Frederic's foot, but his boot. A vast boot, into which a man could almost get, was shown at the court of France, and said to have been pulled off the leg of the elector.

And now that we have named so many great men, we can see no reason why we should produce more as rivals to their greatness. There are here surely enough of them to stand alone, if they can stand at all. Kircher, the jesuit, declared it hardly possible that any very great giant could stand. Men, if they were much taller than six feet, would, he said, surely fall to the ground; for you see how it is with the colossal statues in Rome, that would fall to pieces if there were not props placed here and there under projecting limbs. He seems to have felt that a man only nine feet high would require skewering together.

Natty Bumppo.—"A looker-on in Vienna" N. York, I there encountered an original—a genuine, old-fashioned trapper—one who might have sat for the picture of Cooper's "Leatherstocking." I had deemed the class extinct, or, as having existence but in the great West, nigh by the setting sun, yet here was one of them; in Christian attire, however, with no hunting-shirt and rifle to give him his character. It was in the quaintness and simplicity of his manner in recounting his adventures that the smell of the woods and creeks was discernible—in the outdoor wisdom that showed a close intimacy with nature. He was up with the early day and out in the air reading the heavens like a book.—"Well," said I, "squire, how does it look?—cold to-day?" "Yes," replied he, "putty cold, and so I've took my usual precaution against it. When I feel that the air is frosty, I just take some snow and rub it behind my ears, and it primes me up like, and I don't feel cold all day. I've tried it a good many years, and never knowed it to fail." I became much interested in trapping, and heard admiringly tales of unfortunate minks who got their legs in steel traps in winter, and gnawed them off to escape, as proofs of their being "sich cunning critters."—*Cor. Boston Gazette.*



OSTRICH HUNTING.

THE ELEPHANT.

At a recent meeting of the "Society of Arts" in London, Dr. Livingston, the African traveller, gave the following information respecting the elephant:—

Dr. Livingston said he had attended that evening for instruction, and he was afraid that he could add very little indeed to what had already been said with regard to the tusks of elephants. He had, however, seen the animal alive in great numbers in its native wilds, and he might mention a fact which, perhaps, had not come under the observation of the learned professor, viz., that by the Africans the elephant was regarded as one of the best tests of the courage of the hunter. If a man was able to kill an elephant it was considered by the African that he could achieve almost anything in the way of hunting. It was not considered fair sport to hunt the elephant with dogs, as in such cases undue advantage was taken of the animal, owing to his attention being so much occupied by the harrassing of the dogs, that he would pay no attention to his more formidable assailant—the hunter. Sometimes he would kneel down, in an awkward endeavor to crush the dogs with his knees; at other times he would take hold of a large tree (perhaps twelve inches in diameter) and push it down in order to crush the dogs. The hunters in Ceylon, for the most part, approached within a short distance of the elephants, and killed them in the manner described by Professor Owen. In Africa the hunters generally approached to the side of the elephant within about thirty yards, and at that distance the animal was killed, on an average with about half-a-dozen balls; from a greater distance it might take 50 balls to despatch him. When residing at Kolobeng he took the trouble to put down the number of elephants that were annually killed in the country beyond. He found there hunters from England and from India—officers on furlough; there were also Boers, who considered themselves the bravest people on the face of the earth—and native hunters and bastard Boers. The Boers and natives were exceedingly anxious to get hold of the ivory, owing to its high price. In observing the operations of these several classes of hunters and their results, he found that civilization did not necessarily cause effeminacy; that, taking the four classes of hunters—the English officers, the Boers, the bastard Boers, or Griquas, and the natives—the number of elephants killed by the first named was about 20, by the Boers about 2, and by the bastard Boers, and natives about a half. From this fact he repeated that it would seem that civilization did not necessarily produce effeminacy. The reason why the English hunters killed more animals than the others was because they had the courage to go closer to the elephant before they fired, whilst the others made the attack at a greater distance, and if they happened to bring down an elephant it was an event of their lives. The number of elephants in existence at the present day on the vast continent of Africa had been stated, by the celebrated hunter Mr. Gordon Cumming, to be very large. Such was the fact; but in going northwards he found the number increased wonderfully. On the Zambesi he found an immense number of elephants, which, however, were not of so large growth as the animals in the south. He had expected, as he went further north, with rich and abundant forest vegetation, the animals would have been found much larger; but whilst the elephants of Limpopo were nearly 12 feet in length, those on the Zambesi were three feet less. The tusks, however, of the latter were much larger than those of the animals located in the southern regions. He had often attempted to account for the fact that the tusks of the smaller animal were so much larger than those belonging to the more bulky animal of the south, but he had only learned the explanation this evening from Professor Owen. The Professor had very reasonably remarked that, in those regions where the elephant had remained undisturbed by man, and passed a quiet existence, the tusks grew more regularly than in those parts where the animals were harrassed, as was the case in the south, where fire-arms were in use. The elephants to the north of the Zambesi were so numerous that he could hardly imagine their ever becoming extinct. Difference of opinion prevailed with regard to the term of life of the elephant. Some persons fixed it as high as 200 years, which, he believed, had been based upon data obtained from India. Sometimes, in Africa, they saw a great number of young elephants of different sizes following the same dam, small calves, like the one now in the gardens of the Zoological Society, with others about half grown. It would appear that the estimates of the age of the elephant, according to the data received from India, had been placed too high, but that question they might, perhaps, have an opportunity of settling by the calf now in London.

☞ A Good Recipe.—Deacon H. used to say his wife had a certain recipe for testing indigo. It was, to sift a little indigo on the surface of some cold water; if the indigo was good, it would either sink or swim—*she couldn't tell which.*

DIRGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

I.

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Sleep thou and dream;
While the stars their vigils keep,
Sleep thou and dream!
Thou art lying still and lone
In thy grave, my bosom's own;
But till morning beam,
Sleep thou and dream!

II.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Light of my soul!
Sleep, and wake not thou to weep,
Light of my soul!
Glistening dews in gemmy sheen,
Twinkle on thy grave-clod green,
And the night-winds now
Murmur sweet and low!

Caledonia, N. Y.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Evening costume is that which at present chiefly occupies the attention of our fashionable milliners and dressmakers. The ball-dresses just completed are in the same style of elegance as those recently described. One of the new ball-dresses, composed of pink crape lisse, may be mentioned as among those which have received the greatest share of admiration. This dress is trimmed with five flounces, each bordered with three bouillonnes, surmounted by a row of pink passementerie, intermingled with pearls. The corsage is in folds, and the sleeves are in puffs. Another very pretty dress consists of tulle, of a beautiful bright green, worn over moire antique of the same color. The tulle dress has three skirts, looped up with bouquets of white, lilac, and cerise-color geranium. The corsage is ornamented with bretelles of Honiton lace, and with bouquets of the same flowers as those employed for the skirt.

At a recent ball given at the French Court, Madame de Serrano wore a dress of pink silk covered with white lace. The white lace dress was at intervals slightly raised by six bouquets of roses, fastened by loops of pearls and diamond agraffes. The coiffure worn with this dress consisted of a wreath of half-blown roses, having at the back pendent sprays of rosebuds, intermingled with loops of pearls and diamonds.

For ball costume, light cordons, or very narrow wreaths of flowers and foliage, are much employed as trimmings for dresses, made either with double or triple skirts, or with flounces, a cordon being placed at the edge of each. We may mention a dress of white tulle which has just been made with nine flounces, each terminated by a narrow light wreath of grass, intermingled with small flowers of various hues. The pendent blades of grass, drooping downwards, give to these wreaths very much the appearance of rows of green fringe. The corsage of the dress just mentioned has a fichu composed of folds of tulle, and is ornamented with a trimming of flowers. Three cordons worn in the hair, and consisting of flowers, foliage, and grass, complete the costume. The cordons unite at the back of the head in a cluster of drooping sprays.

The present fashions for children's costume are very pretty. We may here mention some little dresses which have recently been prepared. One, intended for a little girl of seven or eight years of age, is composed of cerise-color poplin chequered with narrow stripes in black. The skirt at the lower part is ornamented with rows of black velvet, disposed horizontally, one above the other. The corsage is high, but without a basque, and is ornamented with bretelles of black velvet. The sleeves are long, and finished at the ends with *revers*. The collar and undersleeves are of worked muslin, the latter closing round the wrists. A dress of Sevres blue silk has just been made for a girl of ten years of age. It is trimmed up each side with horizontal rows of blue braid, the rows having a button at each end. The corsage is high, and has a long basque, trimmed with rows of blue braid placed perpendicularly. The corsage is ornamented from the waist to the throat with rows of braid, one above another. For out-door costume, a black velvet cloak is worn with this dress, and a bonnet of white therry velvet, ornamented with rows of blue velvet. Small roses and buds are mingled with under-trimming of blonde.—*London Lady's Paper of Jan. 17th.*

Recipe for Matrimonial Happiness.—Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than—alas!—they are!

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE OSTRICH,

As a Domestic Fowl and Commercial Speculation.

An ingenious Frenchman, long resident in Africa, has conceived the idea of turning the romantic bird of the desert, the mystery of middle ages, the decorator of royalty, and the wonder of our childhood, into a sort of barndoor fowl, but of an importance, in an economic point of view, proportioned to its size. To a paper by Monsieur Francois Burriere we are indebted for the subjoined observations and statistics on the cultivation of the ostrich as a domestic animal. He sets out by saying—and we all agree with him—that the subject is as important as it is novel and curious, and its object worthy of serious consideration. It is the introduction, firstly, in the colony of Algeria, and, probably, in the South of France, and other suitable countries, of an animal, hitherto an object of curiosity and luxury, as a domestic producer of food, of clothing, and of profit in many ways. We purpose now to enter upon these details, although the feathered African biped that forms our theme is neither distinguished by grace of exterior, or inward intelligence. The long-legged, long necked ostrich, as we see him in zoological collections, is certainly an ungainly object. He is, however, a far more agreeable looking creature in a state of freedom, and not without that charm which attaches to power and speed, and by no means the stupid bird which popular ignorance believes him to be. His instinct serves him well, though it may not be of a high order. We may say, once for all, though it may be disagreeable to destroy two thousand years of amusing illusions, and despoil some very clever similes and smart sayings, that the ostrich does not hide its head in a bush, neither does it abandon its eggs, albeit nature has, by a powerful sun and an arid sand, rendered the ordinary incubation of the parent bird superfluous. The ostrich, indeed, is not the first uncouth and partly unintelligent being who has possessed valuable and amiable qualities. He is a vigilant sentinel, and warns, with intelligent quickness, other grazing animals of the approach of man or of beasts of prey; and, lastly, the courage, in defence of its eggs and young, which it displays, is of no mean order. However, *intelligent* animals as we call ourselves, it will be more to our tastes to inquire into the edible, the clothable, the ornamental, and the pecuniary profit of the ostrich, than to dilate on its instincts and its manners. A doctor of Geneva, M. Gosse, will be of some service here by his careful researches upon the Bird of the Desert.

Firstly, what is the quality of the flesh of the ostrich? Is it exquisite? Except Algerian residents, who can answer this? To this question our author replies, yes. A well grown ostrich, too, will average sixty pounds of flesh and forty pounds of fat, which will be found excellent if roasted, boiled, or made into a pie. It is superior to turkey's flesh, if not quite so delicate as some of the smaller gallinaceous birds. Among the ancients, we are informed, that it was esteemed a principal article of subsistence with the Ethiopians. The Egyptians certainly consumed its wondrous eggs: superstition may have spared its flesh. The renowned gastronomer Apicius has devoted a sauce to the ostrich, of which Aldravandus has preserved the recipe. The Emperor Heliogabalus once had a dish made of the brains of six hundred ostriches.

A word on the fat of the ostrich. This is a singular substance. It is about the consistency of coagulated oil. It is applicable, in all culinary purposes, in the like manner. Not only was it used by the ancients of Rome and Carthage in the preparation of dishes, but the modern Arabs value it highly. The Romans considered it a specific for the cure of rheumatism, ague, and paralysis.

From the flesh we come to the egg, and here its productiveness is yet more surprising. Twenty-four eggs of the common domestic fowl scarcely equal one egg of the ostrich! They, too, are excellent. The yolk and white weigh from two and a half to three pounds, and, as a *friandise*, are first rate. With the accessories, a single egg will make an *omelette* for six persons.

In a wild state (and the same may be, if desired, adopted in domestication), several of the female birds have a common nest. They place their eggs therein perpendicularly, the smaller end downwards, until the nest will hold no more. In the desert the sun incubates them by day; but, at night, one female, or more, is always near them, while a faithful and courageous male keeps also on the watch.

One little circumstance shows that natural affection and maternal anxiety give this bird the cunning necessary to guard its young. At these times, when alarmed, the bird always walks in a sort of circle, gradually describing immense curves. Why does it make these circles and ellipses? It is lest, by going in a straight line to its nest, it should lead the hunter to discover it; while, by this continual turning, it seeks to conceal its place, while throwing from its bright eye anxious glances upon the spot where its treasure is deposited, and from which it separates itself, more or less, according to the perseverance or dangerous nature of the pursuit. There is little doubt—and this would be an important fact to settle—that the ordinary artificial methods of incubation would produce the ostrich. By this means it would be easy, as a matter of domestic economy, to raise *flocks of ostriches*. So says our author. This bird is the most unscrupulous of thieves. We are told that, in three seconds, a familiar bird has bolted a lump of soap and a small copper lamp. The copper lamp was, it is true, rejected some time after, but flattened, twisted, and irretrievably ruined. Happily there is a *per contra* to this statement of voracity, which, though true in the main, seems subject to regulation.

The ostriches in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, thrive on a little more than a pint of barley, and three pounds of bread, daily. They can, moreover, as true children of the desert, fast an immense time, and go without drink. It is true that in the Jardin des Plantes they had little exercise, but they certainly did not, from the frugality of their diet, lose flesh. To return, however, to the domestication, or, as one French writer calls it, the *civilization* of the ostrich, we may remark, that they have been found, in the Algerian colonies, very traceable; easily brought to the stable at night, and easily led to feed in the fields. Indeed, one writer (Daumas) says, that they are quite as easily managed in this respect as sheep; while their immense strength, endurance, and swiftness, must make them far more valuable to man. "The ostrich," says General Daumas, "is of a lively, cheerful disposition, indeed of a sociable character when once familiarized. Brought up from the egg in the encampment, they will play with the children, share readily, but sometimes uninvitedly, in the *couscoussou*, and join in sports and gambols. They show themselves ready to act as hunters, or as dogs, without fear of the discharge of a musket. It is easy to tame them and make them serviceable, and to trap a single specimen."

We have viewed this bird in both its culinary and edible forms. There are others remaining. The ostrich is, unquestionably, wonderfully adapted for light burdens. A few extracts from witnesses of its capabilities in this way will suffice.

M. Adanson, in his "Travels in Senegal," has a passage too curious for omission. "Two ostriches," says he, "which had been tamed, and brought up in this district (Podor), gave me a sight which was too striking to escape mention here. These gigantic birds, of which I had only caught glimpses in my travels through the parched and sandy plains to the left of the Niger, were now submitted to my close inspection. They were so tame, that two little black boys were at once mounted on the back of the larger bird. No sooner did he become aware of their weight, than he ran off full stride, and carried the youngsters several times completely round the village before it was possible to stop him, and then only by several getting in front of him, and shouting. To test the strength of these two birds, I asked a full grown negro to mount the smaller one. He did so, and two others got on the larger bird.—This load, to my great astonishment, did not seem too much for their strength. At first, they went at a sort of striding walk; then, turning excited, they spread their wings to the wind, and went off at such a surprising pace that they hardly seemed to strike the ground. I feel convinced that the best English racehorse would have been distanced at the pace." Only imagine a trial of speed at Newmarket, Doncaster, or Epsom, of these twolegged racers!—Who knows but we may yet see it? But we have more to say of the swiftness of this "strange fowl."

M. Le General Daumas, in his recent work, "Mœurs et Coutumes de l'Algerie," gives an account of hunting the ostrich. Five horsemen go together, stationing their horses at a league distant from each other by previous arrangement. The first then "finds," and chases the ostrich down towards the second at full speed: he takes up the chase, and, when blown, leaves it to the third, and so on. The fourth or fifth, or perhaps neither, may run down the bird. Whence does the animal derive this prodigious swiftness? Its bones are hollow cylinders, which the bird at will fills with highly rarefied air, by means of numerous membranes, thus making itself a connecting link between animals who walk and fly, and lightening immensely the load its legs have to carry. With regard to managing this singular steed, we have yet to learn. The Arab, who has denominated the horse and the camel, has not broken in the ostrich; but that is scarcely a criterion. Dr. Gosse says that "blinkers" of caoutchouc, over which the bridle hand should have the power of alternately shutting one or closing both, might be found efficacious, by astonishing the animal, giving him the desired bias, or stopping him entirely. Hudibras speaks of the Huns, who cooked their horseflesh in a peculiar fashion.

All day upon their steak they straddle,
And then sit down and eat their saddle.

But these warriors would be but poorly off in comparison to the ostrich cavaliers, who might ride all day, and at night sit down to a luxurious meal of fowl, &c., one ostrich supplying sixty comrades. We will return from these quotations to some figures as to the profitable products of the ostrich. They are thus tabulated by M. Barriere:—

	fr.	c.
Each ostrich gives 30 killogrammes of flesh. At the price of mutton in Algiers, this would fetch,	43	50
Fat* (at the lowest price, 2f. 50c. per killogramme), 20 killogrammes,	50	00
	93	50

Annual produce:—In Algeria an ostrich egg fetches 1f. 50c. In the city of Algiers they pay 3f. 50c.; in 1856 they have fetched 5f. each—(Daumas). The number of eggs laid by the ostrich amounts to forty per annum, which, at 3f. 50c. apiece, gives 140f. for eggs alone. But is this all? No.

For four thousand years, the unrivalled feather of the ostrich has been an article of luxury and decoration. They are seen on the heads of the Egyptian kings. Its industrial value, in its prepared state, and its glory as an ornament, subsist to this hour throughout the highest circles of civilized society. The beauty and perfection of the tail feathers of the ostrich are owing greatly to the tall stature of the bird, and its inability to fly. The commerce of France in 1856 gives the annual sum of 3,000,000 of francs as the value of ostrich feathers, which averages 250 francs for the plumage of each bird. Here is an encouragement for the acclimatization of this bird. Sometimes the ostrich's skin is sold covered with his feathers, and of this the ancients made a sort of armor. Now-a days, a mat, or small rug, is made of it. One of these, at the Exposition Universelle, fetched 600 francs. Here is a temptation for the trader!

H. D. M.

* In Sahara they give three crocks of butter for one crock of ostrich fat. In Algiers, butter is 2f. 63c.; ostrich fat 7f. 50c.

Loafers in the South Pacific.—Vagabond foreigners abound in those remote regions. Having "left their country for their country's good," they roam, or rest, as it suits them, among the semi-savage population of these islands. They usually take with them a handsome assortment of civilized vices, which, being crossed with pagan abominations, turn out a progeny well suited to the tastes of these exiles from civilized society.

They are the pest of the island they visit. They scowl upon every attempt to bring Christianity and its blessing into these remote realms. The light of it would expose to others their own wickedness, interrupt their vicious indulgences, and possibly set on fire their own consciences. Hence all missionary operations find in them a bitter foe.—*Traveller.*

Point Blank Compliments.—Spanish robbers are very polite. An Englishman was once accosted on a lonely road by a ruffian. "Sir," said he, "you have my coat on; may I trouble you for it?" The Englishman drew out a pistol and told the fellow he was mistaken. "Sir," said the robber, "I perceive that I am. Will you do me the honor to communicate your name, that I may remember it in my prayers?"

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On Feb. 5th, the debate on the credentials of Graham N. Fitch, of Indiana, continued. Mr. Trumbull proceeded to show that as Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, had been declared not entitled to a seat because not elected by a quorum of each branch of the Legislature of his State; Mr. Fitch, who had been elected in a similar manner, was no more entitled to his seat.

Mr. Toombs said that every argument the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Trumbull) had adduced, went behind the credentials, and therefore had no pertinency to the present question. He contended that the universal rule of the Senate had been, that where the credentials were in proper form, upon that *prima facie* evidence the claimant took his seat. He urged that the oath ought to be administered in the present case.

Mr. Seward said that, with regard to precedent, the case stood in this way: In the early history of the Senate, the claimant was denied the seat, which was held in abeyance until the investigation was made, and decision pronounced, and then he was admitted or rejected definitely or finally. But during the later history of the Government a different practice has prevailed. He contended that this case did not fall within the rule and precedent which were claimed to have been settled by the Senate, and that the credentials did not present such a *prima facie* evidence of title as to entitle the gentleman to a seat.

Mr. Pugh argued, that if the credentials of Mr. Fitch were in *proper form*, he was entitled to be sworn in, and hold his seat until his right was contested.

Mr. Seward showed the case of Archibald Dixon, whose claim to a seat as a Senator from Kentucky, was debated fourteen days, before he was allowed to take the oath.

Mr. Rusk said there was no analogy between that and the present case. Then there were two Senators from Kentucky on the floor, and if Mr. Dixon had been admitted, there would have been three Senators from that State at the same time.

Mr. Bright concluded a speech by offering a resolution that the President pro-tem. should administer the oath required by law, to Graham N. Fitch as Senator from Indiana.

Mr. Butler was in favor of regarding the Governor's certificate as *prima facie* evidence of an election.

Mr. Hale said the credentials of Mr. Fitch presented a *prima facie* case, but that was good for nothing as soon as it was met by a stronger case. If a certificate like this was presented, and the Governor should say that it was a forgery, would the Senate administer the oath on that *prima facie* evidence? But here was a protest from the very body whose duty it was to elect Senators, and without whose concurrence no Senator could be elected, remarking that they had not participated in the election of the gentleman who claims the seat, and that the Governor had no right to give that certificate.

Mr. Nourse said the question for the Senate to decide, was, do they believe, from all the evidence before them, that Mr. Fitch is entitled to his seat?

Mr. Benjamin read extracts from the credentials of Senators in the first Congress, to show that the present credentials were similar in form to those originally presented by the Senators from Virginia.

Mr. Bright, interrupting, said that the protest was prepared and signed before the election took place.

Mr. Trumbull replied that this was admitted. It was a repudiation of an act which they anticipated would be attempted before it was consummated. He desired the credentials and protests to be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, and that they act upon the matter forthwith.

Messrs. Hunter, Toucey and Bell, argued that the usual course should be pursued, namely, let the oath be administered, and then have the merits of the question investigated.

Mr. Seward argued that this case and that of Mr. Harlan were similar, and asked what would the country think, if scarcely one short month intervening since Mr. Harlan was expelled, they now own a state of facts analogous should permit Mr. Fitch to take his seat, Mr. Harlan being a Republican, and Mr. Fitch a Democrat, and three-fourths of the Senate Democratic?

Mr. Douglas denied that the political difference made a different rule.

After further debate, the Senate—yeas 19, nays 33—refused to refer the credentials and protests to the Judiciary Committee.

The oath was then administered to Mr. Fitch.

On Feb. 10, additional documents were received from the President relative to the proclamation of martial law in Washington Territory by Gov. Stevens.

Mr. Rusk moved the reference of the credentials of Mr. Fitch and the proceedings of the Senate, and the protest of the *members of the House of Representatives* of Indiana relative thereto, to the Committee on the Judiciary.

After debate, the motion prevailed.

The bill appropriating $50,000 for the survey of the Ohio river and its principal tributaries, was then taken up and was advocated by Messrs. Bigler, Pugh and Crittenden, and opposed by Messrs. Jones of Tennessee, Green and Butler.

On Feb. 11th, the Senate met at 12 o'clock, and immediately repaired to the Hall of the House, to take part in opening and counting the votes for President and Vice President of the United States, in pursuance of the resolution adopted some days since.

When the Senate returned to their chamber from the House, Mr. Bigler, the teller on the part of the Senate, made report as to the result of the counting of the electoral votes for President and Vice President, adding the fact that the electors of Wisconsin did not assemble and cast the vote of that State till the day after the time prescribed by law.

Mr. Hunter said there would be no difference in the result, whether the vote of Wisconsin be counted or omitted, but still he thought that the best way to settle the question would be to adopt a resolution that the Joint Committee which had been appointed on the part of the Senate be instructed to confer with the House Committee, and agree upon such report as should be satisfactory to both Houses. He alluded to cases where similar difficulties had occurred in Michigan and Missouri, and observed that those difficulties had been settled in this way. He made such a motion.

The President announced that in his declaration of the result he had not assumed to decide the question whether the vote of Wisconsin should be counted or not, but had simply declared Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Breckinridge elected.

Mr. Nourse said it was important to decide this question, because a case might occur when a similar difficulty might affect the general result. It should be decided by a Joint Convention of the two Houses.

Mr. Butler said if it was asserted that the Convention could say which votes should be counted, and which should not be counted, an occasion might arise when such a Convention, in the exercise of its arbitrary power, could make a President of the United States without an election.

Mr. Stuart said the difficulty in the present case was not of importance, as the result would not be affected, let the decision be either way; but it showed the importance of some additional legislation by Congress, declaring that the electoral votes which were not cast on the day prescribed by law should not be counted in the future.

Mr. Toombs protested against the action of the presiding officer, because he counted the vote of Wisconsin in announcing the result, and assumed to exercise the right of saying that James Buchanan had 174 votes, and John C. Fremont 114. It belonged to the Senate and the House to decide which votes should be counted.

Mr. Butler thought it was a dangerous power to entrust to any one to decide what votes should or should not be counted.

Mr. Douglas said the vote of Wisconsin ought not to be entered on the list, because it was not cast in the Electoral College on the day designed by law.

Mr. Seward congratulated the country that there was no necessity for deciding whether or not the vote of Wisconsin shall be counted. He hoped, however, that some measure would be adopted to provide against future contingencies.

Mr. Collamer could not see any necessity for the proposed Committee of Conference. It was generally admitted that Mr. Buchanan was elected in a constitutional form, and that was the question to be determined.

Mr. Hale was decidedly of the opinion that the vote of Wisconsin should be counted. He had always preferred the substance to the form. The people of that State ought not to be disfranchised because of the inability of the electors to reach the seat of Government at a given day.

Mr. Hunter, at the request of several Senators, withdrew his motion.

Mr. Butler offered a resolution reciting the facts in the case, and concluding with the declaration that James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge are elected to the offices of President and Vice President of the United States; but he afterwards accepted a substitute submitted by Mr. Collamer, similar in purport, but omitting the reference to Wisconsin.

On motion of Mr. Weller the resolution was laid on the table.

Mr. Weller offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee of one on the part of the Senate, and two on the part of the House, to inform Messrs. Buchanan and Breckinridge of their election.

Mr. Crittenden moved an amendment, in substance, that the vote of Wisconsin ought not to be included in the list of electoral votes, and that any member of either House has the privilege and right to object to counting said vote, and it was competent for the Senate and House alone, to decide that question.

Mr. Weller appealed to Mr. Crittenden not to insist on the amendment, as the two subjects had no connection.

Mr. Crittenden thought this was the only way to get his proposition considered at all.

On Feb. 12th, Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Post-Offices to inquire into the causes of the repeated failures of the mails between New York and Washington during the present session, and to report what legislation, if any, is necessary to remedy the evil.

Mr. Pearce offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the presiding officer to appoint a committee of three to make the necessary arrangements for the reception and inauguration of the President elect.

Mr. Crittenden offered a joint resolution, that the electoral vote of Wisconsin, in the late Presidential election, being given on a day different from that prescribed by law, was therefore null; and ought not to have been admitted and included in the count of the election votes.

Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, said Wisconsin was like a horse which had been distanced in a race and came in behind time. Her vote should not be counted.

Mr. Crittenden argued that it was important to determine whether the vote should be counted, for a case might hereafter arise when the result of a Presidential election would depend on a similar case, and there could be no better time than now for settling that question.

After a brief debate, the resolution was laid on the table.

The Senate concurred in the resolution from the House, to appoint a Committee to inform Messrs. Buchanan and Breckenridge of their election, and then adjourned.

On Feb. 13th, Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for a just and fair distribution of the *proceeds* of the sale of the public land among all the States, according to their respective population.

On motion of Mr. Weller, a resolution was adopted, requesting the Secretary of War to communicate copies of all the reports which may have been made to that Department by the officers who were sent to the seat of war in Europe, in 1855-56.

The Senate passed several private bills.

On Feb. 14th, the Senate passed the bill for a wagon road from Fort Kearney via the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains to Great Salt Lake and the eastern frontier of California.

The Minnesota Land Bill passed—yeas 32, nays 16.

A motion to take up the bill to amend the tariff of 1846 was debated.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on Feb. 9th, Judge Watrous's case being under consideration, Mr. Barbour's motion to suspend the rules prevailed—yeas 156, nays 32—and the resolution was reported.

After further discussion the subject was definitely postponed.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, offered a resolution that the daily hour of meeting be 11 instead of 12 o'clock, and it was passed.

Mr. Kelsey, from the Special Committee, made report that James N. Simonton had been summoned before the Committee, and his responses were such as to render it unnecessary to examine him any further. Under these circumstances, the Committee do not desire longer to continue him in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and therefore report a resolution that he be discharged.—The resolution was adopted.

The bill establishing the Collection Districts of the United States, remodelling the Revenue Laws, &c., was taken up.

A motion was made to lay the bill on the table, but it was negatived—yeas 70, nays 90.

The House refused to suspend the rules which require the recording of bills. [The present bill makes between 400 and 500 pages.]

On Feb. 10th, the House resumed the consideration of the bill establishing the Collection District of the United States, codifying and amending the Revenue Laws, &c., and after a long struggle, its enemies endeavoring to kill and its friends to save the measure from defeat, it was laid on the table—yeas 96, nays 85.

The Submarine Telegraph Bill from the Senate was then taken up.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., moved to commit the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Disagreed to—yeas 83, nays 101.

The question was then taken on committing the bill to the Post-Office Committee, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 99, nays 87.

The House then went again into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff Bill.

Mr. Boyce said that in June, 1858, there will be a surplus revenue of forty-three millions of dollars, in spite of the extravagant appropriations of the last few years, and hence the necessity of reducing the revenue. He asserted that since 1832, there had been paid in manufactures by indirect taxation, one thousand millions of dollars, and earnestly condemned the protective policy. In reply to a question from Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, he said he advocated free trade and direct taxation. He knew of nothing which would contribute more to the grandeur of the country. The substitute he offered for a Tariff Bill was a step in that direction. Two steps more, and we shall have free trade.

Mr. Granger advocated a protective policy, and particularly referred to the articles of wool and salt, showing that the present duties thereon should be maintained.—These disturbed, the laboring interests would be disastrously affected.

Mr. Millison opposed the pending bill. It reduced the revenue without removing the public burdens, and was highly protective. He advocated a reduction of the duties in all the schedules of the Act of 1846.

Evening Session.—Mr. Kelly made a party speech, and Messrs. Campbell of Ohio, and Kennet, responded. The latter opposed the Tariff Bill, particularly the part reducing the duty on hemp.

Mr. Davis of Massachusetts, defended the fishing bounties.

On Feb. 11th, Mr. Barbour moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the Senate Submarine Telegraph Bill was referred to the Committee on Post-Offices.

The motion was entered for after consideration.

Mr. Washburne, of Me., under the instruction of the Committee on Elections, made a report, concluding with a resolution that John W. Whitfield is not entitled to a seat in this House as a Delegate from Kansas, and moved that the further consideration of the subject be postponed till Saturday next.

Mr. Oliver, of Missouri, moved to lay the resolution on the table, and made a minority report, and asked to have read the memorial of Mr. Whitfield in response to the majority of the Committee.

The further proceedings were interrupted by the arrival of the hour of 12, the time fixed for the opening and counting of the votes of the electors of the several States for President and Vice President of the United States.

The Senators, accompanied by the officers of that body, entered the chamber, the members of the House receiving them standing. The President of the Senate took his seat at the right of the Speaker.

Mr. Bigler, on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. Jones of Tennessee, and Howard of Michigan, on the part of the House, appeared as tellers, and occupied the Clerk's desk.

The President announced the object of the meeting, it being pursuant to law and in obedience to the concurrent order of the two Houses.

The President first opened the vote of the State of Maine, which was read by the tellers, and the other States followed in rotation.

The certificate from Wisconsin having been read, Mr Letcher said that he understood that the electoral vote of that State was cast on the 4th, instead of the 3rd of December, as prescribed by law. He did not know what was now the proper course, but he desired that the fact might be brought to the attention of the country. The time might come when such a state of things would convulse the Union.

The President of the Senate said that Mr. Letcher was not in order while the tellers were counting the votes.

All the votes having been counted, the tellers reported the result, with the fact that all the returns were found regular and that the electoral votes were cast on the proper day, excepting those of Wisconsin, and that these were cast on the 4th, instead of the 3rd of December.

The President then announced the state of the vote in detail, for the respective candidates for President and Vice President, and in the further execution of the concurrent order, the two Houses announced that James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge were duly elected to those offices for the term prescribed by the Constitution, commencing on the 4th of March next.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall said, that in this case the President, through the tellers, announced the vote of Wisconsin, but whether this should be done or not must depend on the determination of this Convention, and not on the decision of the presiding officer, whose functions, according to the wording of the Constitution, goes no further than the opening of the certificates.

The President said that the votes having been counted and the result announced, the functions of the Joint Convention of the two Houses were discharged.

Mr. Toombs entered his dissent from the decision of the Chair, which would close the mouths of the Senators and Representatives, with whom the decision rested.

The President quoted the language of the Constitution relative to counting the votes, in justification of his decision.

Mr. Butler spoke in opposition to receiving the vote of Wisconsin.

Mr. Crittenden protested against the President's decision, declaring that it involved the privilege of determining the electing of the President of the United States.

The President replied that he was not aware that he had assumed or exercised any such power. It was his duty to announce the vote, which he had discharged, and none other.

Mr. Orr moved that Wisconsin be excluded.

Mr. Cass said that they could not vote here, nor could they discuss questions. The only point was to adjourn to their respective Houses. They were overturning the Government by making this a National Convention.

Mr. Butler concurred in that decision.

The President said that the duty for which the two Houses had assembled being concluded, the Senate should return to their chamber.

Mr. Toombs entered his protest.

Mr. Douglas expressed the opinion that the tellers had no right to add to the certificate the vote of Wisconsin till the two Houses so decide. He protested against the dissolution of the Joint Convention till a decision was made. He was willing that the Senate should retire to consider the question in dispute.

Mr. Staunton asked what question was to be determined? the business for which the two Houses met having been consummated.

Mr. Letcher—The business for which they came to execute.

The President said that no vote could be taken by the two Houses thus assembled, and he must rule Mr. Orr's motion out of order.

Mr. Haven submitted that they had not counted the votes. It was his opinion that the vote of Wisconsin could be counted; but it was right that those who thought differently should be heard. The question should at once be determined.

Mr. Hunter, amid cries of "order," moved that the President conduct the Senate back to their chamber.

Mr. Billinghurst called for the reading of the official certificate showing the causes which prevented the electors reaching the capitol of Wisconsin in time.

Voices—"We all know what they are."

Mr. Cobb of Georgia, thought it important to know whether this Convention could adjourn by the decision of the Chair, or by their own act. He wanted them to decide whether they had completed the business for which they had assembled.

Mr. Butler—I call the gentleman to order. It is not a debatable question. My State shall not be overridden while I am here.

Mr. Cobb—All questions are debatable unless prevented by a special rule.

Much confusion prevailed throughout these proceedings. Half a dozen gentlemen sprung up at the same time for the floor.

While half a dozen speakers were on the floor endeavoring to obtain a hearing, the Senate decided to retire to their chamber.

The Speaker then resumed the chair, but refused to recognize the gentlemen who loudly sought to obtain the floor, until the Senators had retired.

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, called for the regular order of business, and Mr. Seward of Georgia, wanted to know what had become of the Senate.

A Voice—Send the Sergeant-at-Arms after them.

The Speaker reminded the House that the vote on the resolution declaring Mr. Whitfield was not entitled to his seat had not been completed.

The Clerk commenced reading the affirmative vote, but many objections were made to the continuance of that duty, on the ground that the object of the Joint Convention was not yet accomplished.

The Speaker overruled the question and further decided that the House was not now in Joint Convention.

Mr. Orr insisted that the Joint Convention had not adjourned.

After a running fire on points of order, and a further debate, involving the questions whether or not this Convention had completed their labors, and whether the Convention was broken up by the withdrawal of the Senate, Mr. Boyce moved that the Senate be invited to return.

The President said that he would receive a motion that the Senate return to their own chamber, and that the Senate was in session now.

Mr. Cobb of Georgia. The question arises whether the vote of Wisconsin shall be counted. Let the Senate retire for deliberation, and the desired result can be effected by an interchange of messages.

Mr. Trumbull thought that the only proper way was for each House, separately, to consider what was best to be done.

The President said that the difficulty was that the count could not be officially known until the tellers report.

Mr. Florence moved that a committee be appointed to inform Messrs. Buchanan and Breckinridge of their election.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, offered a resolution, setting forth that Congress was satisfied of the election of Buchanan and Breckinridge; but that, for the reason stated, that when the Senate again returned to the House, it is the opinion of the House that the vote of Wisconsin ought not to be counted, and that the Senate be notified of the adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Letcher suggested that a Committee be sent to the Senate.

Mr. Campbell replied, that the Senate went away of their own accord, and hence he could not accept Mr. Letcher's amendment. When the Senators returned, he trusted that they would be treated with becoming courtesy.

The debate was further continued, and, without taking the question, the House adjourned.

On Feb. 12th, Mr. Jones of Tenn., offered a resolution that a Committee be appointed, consisting of two members of the House, and one member of the Senate, to wait upon James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge, and inform them that they have been duly elected President and Vice President of the United States, for four years from the 4th of March, 1857.

Mr. Jones said this resolution was agreed upon by the tellers.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall desired the preliminary business transacted agreeably to the forms of the Constitution. Yesterday the President of the Senate received a report from the tellers, and on that, while the vote of Wisconsin was challenged by a member of the House, declared the result. He denied the correctness of that proceeding. The two Houses must, in convention, concur, in order to produce a result, and adjust the question in controversy.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., merely pointed to the fact that Wisconsin had not cast her electoral vote on the day designated by law.

After an ineffectual motion, by Mr. Walbridge, to lay the resolution on the table, it was adopted.

Mr. Dunn offered a resolution declaring James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge duly elected; and further that the vote of Wisconsin could not be counted without a violation of the provisions of the Constitution, it not having been cast on the day designated by law.

The Speaker declared the resolution out of order, the journal showing the declaration of the election of a President and Vice President made yesterday. To receive the resolution would disabuse that fact. Besides, the House had constitutionally approved the journal.

Mr. Dunn said it should be distinctly stated, whether the vote of Wisconsin was counted or not.

Mr. Stanton moved the correction of the journal of yesterday, so as to show that Mr. Orr moved that the vote of Wisconsin be rejected: that the President of the Senate ruled the motion out of order, and that while both Houses were together, on motion of a Senator, the Senate retired for consideration, and in that manner the Convention was broken up.

The House sustained the Speaker's decision.

The vote was then announced on the motion made the day previous, by Mr. Oakes, to lay on the table the resolution, reported from the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Whitfield not entitled to his seat as Delegate from Kansas.

The motion was negatived by two majority.

After further discussion the subject was postponed till Saturday week.

The House, on motion, adopted a resolution to close the debate on the Tariff Bill on Monday next, and then went into Committee of the Whole on that subject.

Mr. De Witt spoke approvingly of the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, who had proposed a reduction of revenue, by the enlargement of the free list, with such articles as are used by the manufacturers of the country.

The legislation heretofore on wool has had the effect to triple the importation of woolen goods, and slap 344 sets of machinery and 1,600 looms. If any member of Congress would call upon him at Willard's Hotel, and show him that he wears an American broadcloth coat, he would tender to him the best hospitality the establishment affords. [Laughter.] He spoke from an experiment of forty years' working in the mills, inside and out of them, and maintained that, if our mills should be set in motion, the demand for wool will increase its price, while the manufactured article will be cheapened.

Mr. Bustis said the gentleman had spoken as though the Government would not want the surplus money in the Treasury—as if the Government had fulfilled all the objects for which it was instituted. But this was not so. The French Spoliation and other claims remain unsettled. The rivers require improvement, and the Navy to be enlarged. In the course of his remarks, he said that Louisiana asks no favor, but demands that, while the other interests are protected, that sugar shall not be neglected.

Mr. Covode, speaking from an experience of thirty years, argued that the difficulties of the manufacturers are not to be overcome by taking the duty off foreign wool, but, on the contrary, they will be increased, as the effect would be to lessen the production of wool at home. He spoke of the iron interest of Pennsylvania, and advocated the protective policy generally.

The Committee then rose.

Mr. Colfax presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Indiana, asking that sugar may be admitted duty free.

On Feb. 13th, the House took up and passed a number of private bills, including one giving a pension to a black man, who acted as a spy in the war of 1812.

Among a number of reports of a private character, was one by Mr. Chaffee, from the Committee on Patents, extending Hayward's India Rubber Patent for seven years. He moved the previous question on its passage, but other business interposed to prevent a vote.

Messrs. Paine and Edie made an adverse report, in which they assume that Hayward is not the original inventor, and that the rights of all persons manufacturing by the process described, since the operation of the patent to Goodyear, in 1843, are not protected in the bill; and further, that Hayward has amassed large wealth by his association with a combination.

The Committee were equally divided. Mr. Smith of Tennessee not signing either report.

On Feb. 14th, the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of War, recommending an appropriation of $10,000, for instituting a series of researches for the more effectual manufacture of nitre.

Private bills were considered, and the Tariff Bill debated.

On the 16th, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, from the Committee on Commerce, reported, under a suspension of the rules, about fifty Senate Bills making appropriations for Rivers and Harbors, which were referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, February 19, 1857.

The opening of the navigation has induced a little more activity to the produce markets generally during the past week. Breadstuffs, with the exception of Corn, have been dull, and prices have rather favored buyers. Coal is unchanged. Coffee has been in limited request, and Sugar and Molasses, in the absence of supplies, have been very quiet.—Cotton has been held with much firmness, but manufacturers have purchased very cautiously. Fish meet but a limited inquiry. Domestic Fruit is advancing. Hemp and Hides are unchanged. The Iron market continues firm, and there is a good demand for future delivery. Lead is held firmly.—Naval Stores and Oils have been in steady demand, without any essential change in prices. Provisions are held very firmly, but supplies come forward slowly, and the transactions have been limited. Rice is steady. Cloverseed has been in demand, and prices have again advanced. Teas are looking up. Tobacco is held firmly, and of Leaf the stock is now very much reduced. Wool continues to meet a ready demand at full rates. The opening of the Western rivers has caused more inquiry for most descriptions of Dry Goods, and the Jobbers are busily engaged in suiting up their stocks.—Prices are without change. Print Cloths continue sold ahead of production—64 by 64 are held at 6c. Fine prints are selling well at full prices. Eastern made goods are nearly sold out, in consequence of the difficulty of transportation. Woollens and Prints continue dull, but are very firm in price. Brown Drills, Heavy Brown Sheetings and Shirtings are nearly closed out, and in great demand.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour during the past week have slightly increased, but the demand both for export and home consumption has been limited, and prices have undergone no variation. The sales for shipment comprise only 3,000 bbls at $6.31½@6,37½ ₱ bbl for standard and good brands, $6.50@6,62½ for select brands, $6,62½@7,25 for extra, $8 for a fancy lot of extra family, and $8 for fine middlings. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the retailers and bakers, within the range of the above quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have not been inquired after. We quote the former at $4,25, and the latter at $3 ₱ barrel.

There has been an increased demand for Wheat, but there is very little coming forward. Sales of 20,000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania in lots at $1,46@1,50 ₱ bushel, for fair and prime Red, and $1,55@1,63 for White. Rye has been in steady request, and about 5000 bushels brought 82c. Corn has been in good demand, with sales of about 30,000 bushels at 65 cts for old yellow, and 60c for new from store and from the cars. Oats have been dull and prices have declined. About 10,000 bus Pennsylvania were sold at 46@47c ₱ bus, and 2000 bus Southern at 45@46c. 1,500 bus Barley Malt brought $1,50.

PROVISIONS—The market has been quiet, and supplies come forward slowly. Small sales of Mess Pork at $21 ₱ bbl, 60 days, and Prime, in lots at $18. City Packed Mess is held firmly at $19@19,50, cash. In Beef no change to notice in prices. Sales of Hams, in lots, at 11@11½c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10@11c for old and new, and Shoulders at 8@8½c. The stock of Green Meats is exceedingly small, and they are wanted. Sales of 100 casks Hams at 10½@11c; Sides at 10c, and Shoulders at 8½c. Lard continues to come forward slowly, but the demand has not been satisfied. Sales of 200 bbls at 12½@13c, and kegs at 13½c ₱ lb, 60 days, including mixed and irregular packages at 11@c, cash. Butter has been in moderate demand, and there is less offering. Sales of solid packed at 18@19c, and Roll at 18@20c ₱ lb, as in quality. Prices of Cheese and Eggs are unchanged.

GROCERIES—Since our last notice the stock of Coffee has been increased; by the arrival of two cargoes of Rio, but the market continues quiet. Sales of 500 bags Rio at 10½@11c for ordinary and good quality, and some Java at 14@15c ₱ lb, on time.

The market continues exceedingly quiet for Molasses, in consequence of the absence of supplies to operate on. The last sale of New Orleans was at 32c.

The market for Sugar has been quiet, partly owing to the very small stock on hand, and prices are firm. Sales of 150 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 10½@11c ₱ lb, on time.

METALS—The demand for Iron for future delivery continues active, but generally at prices below the views of holders. Sales of 12,000 tons No 1 and 2 at $26@28, 6 mos, and 1200 tons Forge on terms kept private. Prices of Rolling Bars and Boiler Iron are unchanged. There is very little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice.

An import of 2100 pigs Spanish Lead has arrived, which remains unsold.

Copper is firm and the sales have been only in small lots at our former quotations.

BARK—The market continues nearly bare of Quercitron, and there has been little or none coming forward. Holders ask $36 ₱ ton for No 1.

BEESWAX—Not much offering. Small sales of good Yellow at 27½@28c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Adamantine are held rather higher in consequence of the high price of stock. Sales of city manufactured at 25c ₱ lb, 4 months. Sperm are steady at 41c.

COAL—The market has undergone no change, and no activity is anticipated until the navigation becomes fully cleared of ice. The stock at Richmond is not large. There is a steady inquiry for home consumption at former rates.

COTTON—During the past week the market has been exceedingly quiet, but the stock on sale being much reduced, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 600 bales at 12¾@13c ₱ lb, on time, for Upland, and 14@15c for N Orleans.

FEATHERS—Are in steady demand, but there are very few coming in. Sales of good Western at 54@56c ₱ lb, short time.

FISH—Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged. The stock of Mackerel is small, and steadily becoming still further reduced. The demand, however, is confined to small lots from store at $12, $13 and $15@16 ₱ bbl for medium size Nos 1, 2 and 3.

FRUIT—The absence of supplies of Foreign has retarded business. There are 4 cargoes of Oranges and Lemons at the Brandywine, but of other descriptions of foreign the market is very bare. Dried fruit is scarce and advancing. Sales of Apples at 3@3½c, and unpared Peaches are scarce and wanted. Cranberries are unchanged.

GINSENG—But little offering, and no sales of Crude or Clarified have been reported.

GUANO—The sales have been unimportant.

HEMP—But little stock here, and the sales have been unimportant.

HIDES—Nothing doing in consequence of the want of stock to operate in.

HOPS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 9@10c ₱ lb.

LEATHER—The stock of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter is very small and the demand is good.

NAVAL STORES—Small sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are making at our former quotations. There has been an increased demand for Spirits of Turpentine, and prices are firmer. Sales in lots at 51@55c cash, and 56c 4 months.

OILS—Lard Oil has been more inquired after, and prices are firm. Sales of 100 bbls winter at $1,05, 4 months, to go out of the market. Linseed is held very firm at a late advance. Sales at 88@90c, cash. Fish Oils are unchanged. Red Oil is very scarce, and worth 75c cash.

RICE—The stock is light and prices firm, and there has been a moderate inquiry. Sales at $4,25@4,62½, 4 months.

SALT—An import of 4500 sacks Ashton's Fine sold at the close of last week at $1,50, 4 months, and another import remains unsold.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed have been liberal. There has been a good demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 2000 bus prime at $7,5@7,75 ₱ 64 lbs, closing dull to-day, however, and buyers only offering our lowest figure. Timothy is rather more inquired after, and 100 bus brought $4,75. The market is bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,90@2,05 ₱ bus.

SPICES—Prices are steady for all descriptions, with very limited sales.

SPIRITS—There has been rather more inquiry for Brandy, and prices are firmly maintained. Sales of N. E. Rum in lots at 34@35c. Whisky is scarce, and prices have advanced. Sales of 500 bbls at 27½@28—closing at our highest rate; hhds at 26@26½, and drudge at 25c.

TALLOW—There has been an increased demand, and large sales of "Butchers Association" rendered have been made at the 9c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—Prices of all descriptions are advancing, and the demand is increasing.

TOBACCO—The stock of Leaf is very low, and of Manufactured it is steadily becoming reduced.

WINES—The sales are limited, but at full rates.

WOOL—There has been a good demand and prices are still looking upwards. The stock, particularly of the medium and low grades, are very much reduced. Sales of 40,000 lbs, from 45 cents for unwashed up to 55 cents ₱ lb, 6 months, for fine.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET, FEB. 14.

The offerings of Beef Cattle were not so good as last week, but prices were better. There were 700 head offered, all of which were taken up by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $4,50 to $6 ₱ 100 lbs, on the hoof, equal to $9@12 net, and averaging $5,25 gross.

HOGS—There is very few Hogs in market, and a good demand, but we make very little change in prices. Small sales were made to-day at the scales at prices ranging from $6,50@6,50 ₱ 100 lbs gross.

SHEEP—Sundry scores, with but little alteration in prices; sales were made at from $4 to $6 ₱ 100 lbs gross.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 231—Adults 80, and children 154.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
E. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 17 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	4 @ 5
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	17 @ 20	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @ 18	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	9
Rump do	12 @ 14	Hind do	12
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels, Corned	6 @ 10	Cutlet	14
Tongues, fresh,	43 @ 50	Sweetbread, each	10
Leg, each,	31½ @ 37½	*Pork.*	
Shin	25 @ 40	Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 75
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Salt and fresh ₱ lb	10 @ 12½
Liver ₱ lb	6½	Feet, ₱ set	18½ @ 25
Dried Beef ₱ lb	20	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @ 6½
Lamb.		Lard do	13 @ 15
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Hams, smoked	12½ @ 15
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Chop ₱ lb	12½ @ 16	Fresh Sausage, ₱ lb	14 @ 18
Calves' Head, each	25 @ 37	Pudding do	10 @ 12½
Mutton.		Scrapple ₱ lb	8 @ 10
Leg, Loin, Chp, ₱ lb	8 @ 10	Spare Rib ₱ lb	16 @ 18
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Tender Loin ₱ lb	16 @ 18
		Hogshead Cheese lb	10½

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	18½ @ 20	Corn potatoes bu	90 @ $1 10
do hf pk	6 @ 8	do pkt	37½ @ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do hf pk	6 @ 12½
Cabbage bbl	87½ @ 1 00	Sweet potatoes bkt	62½ @ 100
do h'd	3 @ 6	do hf pk	18 @ 25
Celery bunch	4 @ 6½	Onions bus	87½ @ 1 00
Salad head	2 @ 4	do hf pk	18½ @ 25
Egg Plants each	8 @ 12	Lima Beans qt	12½ @ 15
Pickles bkt	31½ @ 37½	Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Cranberries qt	14	Chestnuts qt	12½ @ —
Apples ₱ bkt	62½ @ 1 25	do bush	3 50 @ 4 00
do hf pk	12½ @ 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₱ lb	13@ 14	Black do	75 @1 00
Turkeys each	1 00 @ 2 50	Blue Wing T'al pr	75 @1 00
Ducks tame pr	75 @1 25	Green Wing do	50 @ 62½
Chickens ₱ pair	9 @ 11	Grouse ₱ pair	1 00 @1 37½
Chickens ₱ pair	1 @ 1 50	Rabbits pr	12 @ 25
Sob Pig'ns pr	30 @ 37½	Squirrels each	12½ @ —
Wild Pig'ns dos	1 00 @1 12½	Bear Meat lb	15 @ 20
Geese ₱ lb	8 @ 11	Venison lb	15 @ 20
" each	1 @ 1 50	Frogs doz	75 @ 90
Partridges pr	50 @ 75	Mountain Hare each	37½ @ 50
Pheasants pr	1 25 @1 50	Wild Turkeys ₱ lb	14 @ 16
Canvas Backs	2 50 @3 50	" " each	2 50 @4 50
Red Heads pr	1 00 @1 50		

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South'n) doz	$7 @10 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	10 00@18 00	₱ bkt	62 @ 75
Lobsters lb	12½@ 15	do ₱ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	1 00 @2 50	M. Bay Cove M	10 00@12 00
		N. Y. do ₱ bbl	1 00@2 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	— @ 12	Rock	12½ @ 18
Bass	— @ 8	Perch bunch	18 @ 25
Porgies	— @ 8	Catfish	6 @ 12
Flounders	— @ 8	Eels	6 @ 12
Cod	— @ 12½	Bait Shad lb	12
Blackfish	6	" Mackerel	12
Sheits	— @ 20	Dry Cod	4 @ 6½
White Fish	— @ 12½	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	21 @ 25	Honey lb	20 @ 25
Roll do	25 @ —	Apple Butter qt	12½ @ 18
Eggs doz	23 @ 25	Pumpkins ea	6 @ 25
Sweetcor

NEWS ITEMS.

A SENSIBLE GOVERNOR.—We learn from Albany, that a party who went up to see Governor King, for the purpose of "lobbying" out of Sing a notorious convict, called on his Excellency with a petition of pardon and humbly prayed that ——— should be liberated. "I'll see him —— first," was the Governor's prompt reply; and the "petitioner," left with "a flea in his ear."—*New York Mirror.*

A RUSSIAN agent is on a visit to this country, to examine our most approved sub marine diving apparatus, with a view to its employment in rebuilding Sebastopol and raising the hulks sunk in the harbor.

A NEW IDEA.—The Illinois Central Railroad Company has appointed a clergyman as superintendant of "track literature," to suppress all the magazines, newspapers and books having an immoral tendency.

A SHARP YOUNGSTER.—A little boy on his return from Sunday school, recently addressed his mother as follows: "Mamma!" "Well, my dear." "Mamma, the teacher says people are all made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then I suppose *colored people are made of coal dust*, ain't they?"

ANOTHER MURDER.—The wife of Mr. Gardner, late Postmaster at Hingham, Mass., has been arrested on a charge of poisoning her husband. Arsenic was found in the stomach of the deceased, in sufficient quantity to cause death.

By the last news from Cuba, we learn that Dr. Kane's health was much improved.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, Feb. 15.—There is little doubt that the Corruption Committee will report on Tuesday. They will report in favor of the expulsion of at least three members. A movement will probably be made to suppress the publication of the report, which will fail if carried.—*N. Y. Times.*

FROM CALIFORNIA, NICARAGUA AND SOUTH AMERICA.—The George Law, at New York, on the 12th, brings dates from California to Jan. 8, via. Aspinwall, and $1,100,000 in gold. The California Legislature had elected Mr. Broderick U. S. Senator for the long term, and Gwynn for the short term. They have both left for New York.

A severe earthquake had been felt on the 9th, throughout the State, and lasted several minutes. Walls and chimneys were prostrated. One woman was killed. People rushed from the houses greatly alarmed. Many streams were turned from their usual channels.

A rumored filibuster expedition against Sonora is about leaving San Francisco, California.

The price current advises a suspension of imports from the Atlantic cities, as the markets are being already overstocked, and the reports of merchandise exceedingly heavy.

The cold weather in the mountains prevents mining operations. The Apaches are committing great depredations. The Sonora copper mine at Fort Youma is developing richly.

The State Treasurer has deposited money with the Pacific Express Company, for the payment of the State interest due in July next, but Attorney General had obtained an injunction restraining the payment.

The Message of Gov. Johnson to the California Legislature recommends the passage of an act to legalize the State debt. A bill has been introduced for that purpose.

FROM NICARAGUA.—The captain of the Sierra Nevada reports that he saw Walker at Rivas on the 7th of January, and that the allies had not yet Virgin Bay, as reported, nor made any attack upon San Juan del Sur.

Walker had an effective force of twelve hundred men, and was strongly fortified at Rivas.

FROM PERU.—The revolution in Peru progresses.—The insurgent fleet entered the harbor of Callao on the 31st of December, and had a slight skirmish with the forts and Government steamers, in which several foreign vessels, including the American bark Janeuta, were injured. The British steamer Tribune, and a French frigate, offered for the protection of the foreigners. The French sympathize with the insurgents.—Letters intercepted from Vivanco to his wife are said to implicate the British and American Ministers in the revolution.

Another unsuccessful attempt at revolution has been made in Bolivia.

THE BURDELL MURDER.—The Burdell murder case was brought to a close on Saturday last. Young Snodgrass was again produced as a witness and swore positively that he had never missed a dagger, either by himself or in company with any one else, before the murder. Immediately afterwards, two witnesses were brought forward, who testified to having sold a dagger, at a store in New York, a few days before the murder. They also described the weapon, which was the same as the one the Misses Cunningham swore their mother had for years. Another witness testified that a (witness) passed through Bond street on the night of the murder, and saw Farrell sitting on the stoop of Burdell's house tying his shoe; the man come to the door and order him in and saw him go. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict charging the commission of the murder upon Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham as principals, and accusing Snodgrass of being an accessory before the fact, and the two daughters accessories after the act. The whole of them were sent to prison.

PROPHETIC DREAM.—The Rockport (Canada) publican says that, three years ago, a woman dreamed she should find a sum of money on the lake shore. Taking a boy with her next day they went to the spot and there found a dead body, on which was a belt containing money. They buried the money, but the girl went alone and dug it up, refusing to give the boy a share, but said she would when he arrived at the age of twenty. He now sues for the money. The story caused great excitement, and in digging at the spot indicated, the bones of a drowned man have been found, who was probably a Spanish passenger in a propeller that was wrecked there.

WEALTHY YOUNGSTER.—Joshua Sears, of Boston, recently deceased, left $1,600,000—gave $107,000 to benevolent institutions and relatives; and the balance ($1,500,000) to his grandson, between two and three years of age. The boy is to be under the guardianship of Mr. Sturgis, and is to receive $30,000 on attaining the age of 21 years; $4,500 annually until he has reached the age of 24; $6,000 annually until he has passed the age of 30; and $20,000 per annum after that time. Within the last 15 years Mr. Sears has given to the town of Yarmouth, where he was born, about $40,000.

"SPANISH" MONEY.—The price that the Spanish coins will bring at this time is a matter of great to the public. We learn that the average yield of worn Spanish coins at the Mint is as follows:

Quarters,	23½ cents.
Eighths,	10 9-10 "
Sixteenths,	5½ "

The Treasurer of the Mint pays in the new coin of silver, for amounts exceeding five dollars in value, immediately upon ascertaining the weight of such as are presented, at the rate of 24½ per troy ounce.

LEFT HANDED OUTRAGE.—Two villains, at 11, A. M. on Friday night of last week, knocked down a German named John Henry, in the upper part of this city, and robbed him of eight dollars. They then supported him home, entered his house where his wife was waiting, and, regardless of cries for the watch, robbed the house of a number of articles—taking two rings from Mrs. Henry's finger. The Mayor has suspended the police officers who should have been on that beat at that time.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—The Senate of Missouri, on Feb. 12th, passed a resolution, by a vote of 25 to 4, declaring the emancipation of slaves in that State, not only impracticable, but any movement towards it would be impolitic, unwise and unjust, and should be discountenanced by the people. The House passed the resolution by a vote of 107 to 9.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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INDEED!—Mr. Simonton, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Daily Times*, being again summoned before the Congressional Investigating Committee, stated that *he was never approached with a corrupt proposition, and knew of no corruption in Congress.* Upon this state of affairs, and in view of his previous testimony, the House of Representatives passed a resolution ordering his discharge from custody.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—Resolutions against the remittance of the duties on Railroad Iron, have passed the Senate unanimously, and the House with only eight dissenting votes. A bill giving to Justices, with a jury of six, authority to hear and determine misdemeanors of a low grade, has been debated at some length in the House, but not finally determined.

☞ The Follet for January announces as much in favor—"The Marie Antoinette Bonnet." We presume this is a bonnet to be worn when the lady has entirely lost her head. —*Punch.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, FEB. 16.

About 1900 head of Beef Cattle were offered at the Bull's Head and Avenue Drove Yards during the past week, and the quality of the offerings were somewhat irregular, and for prime cattle full prices were obtained, mostly ranging at from 8 @ 9c fl; poor lots were dull at from 7½c to 7¾c, but extra sold at from $11½ to 12 the 100 lbs. A few of ordinary quality were left over unsold. The following cattle were quoted at the Bull's Head:

E Barr, Lancaster Co, 58; P Hathaway, Chester Co 33; J Hoffman, do, 14; M Burton, do, 33; J Scidomridge, do, 30; Jas Scott, do, 52; J Walker, do, 11; E Fby, do, 12; A Kinkle, do, 6; C Nevin, do, 17; Daniel Marshall, do, 19; Washington Alexander, do, 6; Rudolph Wallace, do, 12; J Baldwin, do, 18; Jas McCoy, do, 17; Jos M'naugh, do, 15; B Houstlo, do, 20; B Gody, Western, 76; M Curren, Virginia, 24.

Included in the above were 300 head of Beef Cattle, yarded at the Avenue Drove Yard, all of which were sold at prices ranging from 8½ to 9½ the 100 lbs.

Of Cows and Calves about 300 were offered, mostly at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, sales ranging at from $30 to $50 for Fresh Cows, $25 to $35 for Springers, and $40 to $50 for Dry Cows.

Of Hogs about 3500 were at Singer's Yard during the week, and all sold at from 9½ to 9¾ the 100 lbs.

Of Sheep and Lambs only about 5400 were sold at market, and mostly all sold within the range of $3@5½ each, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKET, FEB. 16.

Feb. 16.—Flour steady, 6000 bbls sold. Wheat quiet. Corn dull—15,500 bushels sold. Pork buoyant at 82½. Provisions steady. Whiskey 28½c.

ASHES—The market is very firm for Pots, with sales of 25 bbls at $7,62½, and small lots of Pearls at the same price.

FLOUR, &c.—The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is fair, especially for the low grades of State—these are firm; while the low grades of Western extras are easier to purchase. The demand continues for export, but the trade have purchased sparingly. The arrivals are quite light, and the stock is reduced of common. The sales are 6@6 bbls at $5,45 @ 6,50 for common to good State, and $6,75 for do, if any, to be had at the inside price at the close; $6,45@6,85 for superfine Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, &c.; $6,55@6,85 for common to good extra do do; $6,75@6,85 for common to fair extra Ohio; $6,85@7 for fair to choice extra do; $7,05@7,50 for extra Genesee, and $6,90@8,75 for St. Louis brands. Canadian Flour is in limited demand, but in very firm; sales of 500 bbls at $6,80@6,70 for superfine, and $7@7,25 for extra brands. Southern Flour is freely offered, and the low grades are heavy, but the better brands are held with greater firmness; the sales are 300 bbls at $6,90@7,15 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $7,20 all for favorite, fancy, and extra brands. Rye Flour is quiet, the arrivals are moderate; sales $5,50@5,25 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is inactive at $3,25 for Jersey, and $3,50 for Brandywine, and $17,25 for punchcons. Buckwheat Flour is firmat $2,75@3 49 100 lbs.

GRAIN—A better demand for Wheat, and with light arrivals holders are firm. The sales are 2500 bus common red Missouri at $1,51; 140 bus common white at $1,66; 12,000 bus good white Southern on private terms; 2500 bus prime white Canadian at $1,79 in store; 2000 bus Chicago Spring at $1,43, and 10,000 bus red Illinois (winter) on private terms. Barley is quiet at $1,25@1,32. Oats are in fair request at 49a to 51c for Jersey, 52@54 for Western, and 55@57c for State. There is more firmness, with a good demand and light receipts; the inquiry is mainly for exports; sales of 41,000 bus at 71@72c for Western Mixed, 72@73 for new Southern yellow, and 74@75c for common to choice white Southern, and small lots do at 82.

COFFEE has again been active at full prices. Sales of 2500 bags Rio at 10@11c, including an invoice of 1100 bags at 10½c. The week's sales of Rio reach 20,500 bags. The stock is 87,000 bags. Sales also of 500 bags Laguira at 12½c.

SUGARS are quiet; prices are steady. Sales of 315 hhds Melada at about 9c, and 300 hhds Cuba at 9a9¼c.

MOLASSES is firm, and a moderate business is doing at 30a33c for Cuba clayed; 33a34c for Cuba Muscovado, and 35a 39c for New Orleans.

HIDES are firm, with a moderate activity. Sales of 1100 Porto Cabello at 26c, 6 mos, and 1400 Central American on Boston, to come here on private terms.

LEATHER—All kinds continue firm; the business is fair, almost equal to the receipts.

PROVISIONS—There is a fair demand for old Mess Pork; and this is firmer; other kinds quiet but steady; sales of 45 bbls at $20,93@20,45 for old Mess; $21,38@21,50 for new do; $17,94@18 for prime, and $23,25@23,50 for clear. Beef is without important change, the arrivals are limited, and the stock of good is reduced; sales of 300 bbls at $7,50a 9,37½ for prime; $10,62½@13 for new country mess; and $15,50 for repacked Cleveland mess; prime mess is firm at $21@23; Beef Hams are quiet at $22@22. Bacon is in fair demand; sales of 100 boxes Cumberland cut, to arrive, at 10c; 300 boxes long ribbed middles, on the spot, at 10c, and 132 boxes long fanciedo, do, to arrive, at 10 9-10c. Cut Meats are in demand; sales of 150 bbls and tierces at 8½a9½c for shoulders, and 10@10½c for Hams. Lard is better and in good demand, with a small stock; sales of 643 bbls and tierces at 12¼@13c, to arrive, and 13@13½c to reserve. Dressed Hogs are in demand at 9@9½c.

HOPS—Are are without change. Sales of 30 bales at 7a 10c for common to choice first sorts Eastern and Western, growth of 1856.

BALTIMORE MARKET, FEB. 14.

FLOUR—The Flour market continues very dull. The foreign advices have had a depressing influence upon prices, and Howard Street Flour is offered at a decline of 12½c per bbl. There were sales on 'Change of 200 bbls. Howard Street Super at $6,124. Most holders were however asking $6,25 @ bbl for both Howard Street and Ohio. For City Mills the market is still very quiet. It could be sold for future delivery at $6,25 @ bbl, but there is no demand for it for immediate delivery. Extra Flour may be quoted at $6,62½@6,75 for Ohio and Howard Street, and $7,25@7,37½ for City Mills. Rye Flour is selling at $4,—, and we quote Corn Meal at $3 for Country, and $4,37½ for City.

GRAIN—The transactions continue to be light, but for most varieties prices are unchanged. The market for Grain generally is however dull. There were about 2000 bushels Wheat at market this morning. Reds sold at 142@145c for good lots, and we quote whites at 150@150c for fair to good parcels. Of Corn there were about 3000 bus offered, the greater part of which changed hands at 60@60c for white, and 62@62c for yellow. None of the parcels sold were of prime quality. Strictly prime lots of both white and yellow Corn would bring 63@65c. There was no Rye sold this morning; the only lot offered was one of 250 bushels Pennsylvania. We quote Pennsylvania Rye at 80@82c. For Oats prices are a little lower. There were about 3000 bus sold to-day at 43@45c; and one small lot very prime brought 46c.

SEEDS—There is still considerable doing, but the market this morning was not as buoyant as it has been for some days past. The sales reported on 'Change embrace 50 bush of ordinary quality at $7,50, 150 bush fair do at $7,65@7,68, and 300 bush do at $7,75. Strictly prime Seed is still held at $8, but large parcels will not bring this figure. We quote Timothy Seed as before at $3,50@3 75 ⅌ bush.

SUGARS Messrs. Lemmon & Brogden offered to-day at auction 113 hhds, 53 bbls, and 18 boxes Porto Rico Sugar, the cargo of the schooner Priscilla, from Arecibo; 86 hhds, 43 bbls, and 18 boxes of which were sold at prices ranging from $10,25@11,25. The balance of the cargo was withdrawn. There has been nothing of consequence done in Sugars today by private contract so far as we are informed. There is a good demand for Sugars, and all descriptions are very firm. We quote as before, Porto Rico Sugars at $10,25@11,25, and grocers' styles of Cuba and English Island do at $10@11. Refining grades of Sugar may be quoted at $9,25@9,75. We can give no quotations for New Orleans Sugar, there being none in market.

WHISKEY—Is quiet, but the market is steady. We heard this morning of sales yesterday not previously noticed of 100 bbls Country at 31c, and of 50 bbls Ohio do at 29a29½c. Ohio is held to-at the above figures, and we quote City and Pennsylvania do at 27a27½c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 20 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA, February 9, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Relief notes	½ dis	**GEORGIA.**	
Lancaster bank	40 dis	Bk of Columbus	no sale
Erie City bk	40 dis	Bk of Middle G'rgia	no sale
NEW JERSEY.		Man Bk Columbus	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	2 to 5 dis
Merch bk Br'dgeton	30 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	15 dis	Merchants' & Planters' bk, Savannah	no sale
DELAWARE.		Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Solvent bks	par	Southern bk	no sale
Under S'y	½ dis	**ALABAMA.**	
MARYLAND.		Bk of Mobile	½ dis
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	Other solv bks	5 dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Far & Mec bk Kent co	½ dis	All bks	uncertain
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		**LOUISIANA.**	
Exchange bk	30 dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**OHIO.**	
NEW YORK.		Solvent bks	½ dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Bk of Circleville	55 dis
8th Avenue bk	5 dis	Canal bk Cleveland	8 dis
Knickerbocker bk	10 dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Mer & Man bk Dswgo	30 dis	**INDIANA.**	
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Empire City bk	½ dis	State bs	1 dis
Central bk	½ dis	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Champlain bk	no sale	Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
MAINE.		**ILLINOIS.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi	50 dis
Bk of Hallowell	5 dis	Russville bk, Rushville,	30 dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis	Prairie State bk,	30 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Stock security bk	30 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Solvent bks	2 to 5 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	**MISSOURI.**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Lancaster bk	closed	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
VERMONT.		Bk of West Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	½ dis	River Bank	no sale
South Royalton bk	2 dis	Solv bks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		Small notes	2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Central bk	no sale
MASSACHUSETTS.		Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
Solv bks	½ dis	Middle Tenn	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.		**MICHIGAN.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Bk Rapub Providence	75 dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
CANADA.		All bks	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	1½ dis	**TEXAS.**	
Small notes	2½ dis	Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	20 dis
VIRGINIA.			
Solv bks	½ dis		
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis		
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis		

NEVER.—Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen," with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother; or to a strutting collegiate who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to blacken your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the twins, by constantly talking of hard times.

Never express disapprobation, or appear chagrined in company at a bad "fit" when you have foolishly purchased your clothing elsewhere than at Granville Stokes' beautiful temple of Fashion, No. 39 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"A STITCH IN TIME OF TIME SAVES NINE
Was sung in ages fled."
A hair that is gray if checked to-day,
Will save a nearly head.
Then haste, oh, haste, nor prevent waste,
'Twill not just like a charm,
'Tis glorious Stuff, (this is no Puff,)
Mason's Alpine Hair Balm.
For sale by R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Boston, Mass., wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

CURIOUS FASHIONS.—Hats for men were invented at Paris, in 1404. In London they first were manufactured by Spaniards, and not till about a century later. Before that time men in England wore close knit woolen caps. When Charles II. made a public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he wore a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume. There have been as curious changes in other articles of dress; but the most elegant modern garments are those sold at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS have no equal as a tonic medicine. They cure nervous debility, sick headache, acid stomach, waterbrash, loss of appetite, &c., all of which proceed from a weakened or deranged state of the stomach.

GRAY HEADS.—There are many whose hair is prematurely gray, that, by the use of "Wood's Hair Restorative" can bring it back to its natural color. This fact is testified to by our ex Senator Bresee and many others.—*Chicago Times.*
Sold by all Druggists. feb7-Rcow

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, CORNELIUS T. BARRE, Esq. of this city, to Miss KATE C. CROCKETT, of Boston. Boston and New York papers please copy.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. REUBEN HERLEMAN, of Philadelphia, to Miss HANNAH WIDDER, of Hoppersville, Upper Hanover Township, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. JOHN SMITH, to Miss LILLY HAY, both of Aramingo.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FRANCIS TARONI, of Birmingham, Eng. to Miss SARAH J. PENNINGTON, of Summit Bridge, Delaware.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN TELFORD, to Miss CAROLINE STARTT.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. TIMOTHY BURNS, to Miss HELEN ALEXANDER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Francis Cauch, Mr. THOMAS GILFILLAN, to Miss ELIZA KINKADE, both of this city.

On the 23d of Dec. last, by the Rev. George Duffield, Jr. Prof. J. STROUD WEBB, to Miss MARY A. Gaunter of Mt. View, Esq. all of Evansburg, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Cathropper, Mr. SAMUEL W. HAINES, to Miss ELIZABETH F. AVERY, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Charles A. Baer, Mr. CHARLES VAUTIER, to Miss CAROLINE REICHNER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Blackwood, Mr. WILLIAM HUTCHESON, to Miss MATILDA CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph B. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM B. CARREL, to Miss AMY MONTAGUE, both of Bucks county.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. R. J. Black, Mr. ROBERT JOHNSON, of Scott county, Iowa, to Miss SARAH JOHNSON, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William J. Mann, D. D., AUGUSTUS SPRINGER, Esq. to Miss CATHARINE A. daughter of John Rambo, Esq. both of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Rutter, Rev. REUBEN S. WAGNER, Lutheran Minister, of Reading, Pa. to Miss LYDIA E. D. APPLEGATE, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Richard Lewis, in Holmesburg, Philadelphia, Mr. ELWOOD F. DUDLEY, to Miss ANNIE B. SIMON, both of Byberry.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM S. STAMM, U. S. N. to EMILY, daughter of Edward Paxson, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. WILLIAM H. DENNIS, of Portland, Maine, to Miss ANNE F. TIBBS, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Mr. G. W. PETERSON, to HELEN C. AGNEW, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES H. SWEET, to Miss FANNIE CHAMBERLAIN, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. H. Lain, Mr. FRANCIS P. CONNOR, of Albany, N. Y. to Miss MARY M. CAMPBELL, of Philadelphia, formerly of county Meath, Ireland.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William C. Conley, Mr. CHARLES W. ADAMS, to REBECCA A. OWENS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Berge, of New York, Mr. Lewis H. DICKERSON, to Miss AMANDA MELLORS, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, at Gwynedd, Mr. DAVID LESHER, aged 56 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARGARET BROWN, aged 36.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JOHN T. FRIES, aged 22 years.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES, son of Charles and Louisa Seamore, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 11th instant, GEORGIANNA SHRIVER, daughter of R. H. and Mary J. Lee, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH FLOOD, aged 58.

On the 10th instant, CHARLES ALBERT, son of Lucian and Maria A. Harper, aged 2 years.

On the 10th instant, MARY JANE, wife of Jas. V. Ferguson, aged 27 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARTHA TRAINER, wife of Jas. S. Fraser, aged 37 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JAMES SPENCER, Sr. aged 80.

On the 10th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Anthony and Sarah Isphording, aged 3 years and 7 months.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH LINEBS, aged 57.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of James Glendennor, aged 21 years.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM H. TURNER, aged 14 years.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, aged 47 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JAMES STEVENSON, aged 67.

On the 8th instant, at Phœnixville, Pa. SAMUEL UHLLER, aged about 85 years.

On the 9th instant, ROBERT, son of Joseph and Hannah Walch, aged 7 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. EMBLINE, wife of John Baker, aged 19 years.

On the 9th instant, ROSANNA ANDERSON, aged 31 years and 4 months.

On the 9th instant, SAMUEL S. son of Jane V. and the late Sidney R. Dow, aged 6 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMAS, aged 67.

On the 8th instant, JAMES CLEMMENTS, aged 57 years.

On the 9th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Mary A. and John D. Smith, aged 8 years.

On the 9th instant, JANE, daughter of Robert and Mary McFarland, aged 4 years.

On the 9th instant, MARGARET B. daughter of Lott and Mary Buck.

On the 9th instant, CHARLES, son of Chas. and Elizabeth Wright.

On the 9th instant, JEREMIAH ELFRETH, aged 92 years.

On the 8th instant, ANN COCHRAN, wife of Cornelius Callahan, aged 24 years.

On the 9th instant, FRANCIS L. HUGHES, aged 24 years.

On the 7th instant, CHARLES L. son of Edward and Sarah J. Sweitzer, aged 7 years.

On the 7th instant, ANDREW JACKSON, son of Samuel and Margaret Young.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY BUNTING, aged 80 years.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM, son of John and Mary Ann McCracken, aged 3 years.

On the 7th instant, ELIZABETH M. daughter of Jas. and the late Catharine M. Rementer, aged 3 years.

On the 4th instant, ERNEST, son of Ernest and Emelia Pfeiffer, aged 3 years.

On the 7th instant, ROBERT P. BARNES, aged 15 years and 8 months.

On the 7th instant, Mr. SAMUEL WOODHOUSE, aged 51.

On the 7th instant, DAVID K. WHITE, aged 16 years.

In Camden, on the 5th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH EDWARDS, aged 73 years.

ALWAYS GET THE BEST.—THE TESTIMONY OF THE LADIES is constantly given to the publishers of that best of all Cook Books,

COOKERY AS IT SHOULD BE.

It is in vain to attempt to praise it, for it is superior to the volumes already before the public, that they wish the rest of their sex to know it, and enjoy the same advantages from its use they have already done. Below we append one just received:

"Hearing so much of 'Cookery as it Should Be,' I was tempted to purchase a copy, and add to a small Library on the subject already in my hands. True, 'the best wine has come last.' I want nothing better. It is so practical, so adapted to every-day home-doings, that I cannot imagine any better way in the preparation of food, if those receipts are faithfully followed. Here is the 'golden mean' between extravagant and unhealthy luxury, and what the proverb calls 'a lean kitchen.'"

Another lady says:

"There are two or three receipts for cake, one for pastry, and one for washing-soap, either of which is worth more to me than the cost of the volume. It ought to be in every household."

It can be had in cloth for only $1, or strongly bound in sheep, interleaved with blank paper for adding family or new receipts, for $1. 25; by remitting that amount, it will be sent free of postage, by WILLIS P. HAZARD,
It 178 Chestnut Street, Philada phia.

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A SALARY OF $100 PER MONTH! A capital of $5 only required. Full particulars given, free, to all who enclose a postage stamp, or a three cent piece, and address
feb21-13t A. B. MARTYN, Plainfow, N. H.

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no humbug. For full particulars, address
feb21-3t E. S. RICH, Brasher Falls, New York.

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CHILDE HAROLD IN NEW YORK.

He arrives in town on Saturday evening, Jan. 31—apostrophizes Broadway—is overcome by the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle—becomes convinced that the sentiments elsewhere expressed in favor of the ocean have been thrown away upon an unworthy object, and transfers them accordingly to the scene before him.

Roll on thou deep and dark black puddle, roll!
Ten thousand brooms would sweep thee but in vain;
Man rules o'er either sidewalk—his control
Stops with the curb; upon thy dirty plain
Thy filth is all thine own, nor doth remain,
Above thy direful slush, a single stone
On which presumptuous man may footing gain,
As, wading through thy depths with curse and groan,
He falls, with mud bedaubed, bespattered and bestrown.

With trembling step at eventide he steals
Across thy slippery waste. Thou dost arise,
And from thy bosom spurn his impious heels,
And point his patent-leathers to the skies,
While execrations mingle with his cries,
And send'st him, covered with thy muddy spray
And swearing, to the dram shop where he buys
A draught of spirituous drink which may
Soon hurl him down to earth again—there let him lay.

This equine caravan, which ceaseless crawls
Adown thy stream, and bids old women quake
Behind their gingerbread and apple stalls,
The mighty omnibus whose huge ribs take
Four times as many as they ought and make
Profane the inmates—these thy playthings are;
Thou tossest high upon thy Stygian lake
The limbs of quadrupeds in shapes bizarre,
And sliding, floundering down, their fall resounds afar.

Thy sides are changed in everything save these—
Lafarge's, Christy's, Judson's, where are they!
Overwhelmed and wasted by a fiery sea,
And since rebuilt, yet at some future day
Perchance again to perish and decay
And sink to desolation: not so thou!
Unchangeable save in thy filthy clay—
Time wipes no garbage from thy mudstained brow—
As DIRTY AS THOU ALWAYS WERT SO ART THOU NOW.

Thy glorious City Hall, replete with sterno
In aldermanic conclave! through all time
A huge tempestuous teapot, where reforms
Take flight at turpitude reproving crime
In speeches dull, illiterate, sublime—
The image of nonentity—the throne
Of the Municipal! Stupendous shrine
Which rear'st to heaven thy front of dingy stone,
August thou standest forth, GRAND! dignified! alone!!

And I have loved thee, old Broadway! my joy
In youthful days was oftenest to be
One of thy moving multitude. A boy
I cut behind thy stages—they to me
Were a delight! and if my childish glee
Held whips in terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee;
I paddled in thy puddles fair and near,
And watched the greenborns tumble in—as I do here.

My task is done—my boots are soaked—my theme
Is drowned within me, and I dread a fit
Of chills and fever—but I'll not blaspheme.
The doubtful gas which hitherto hath lit
My midnight path begins to flare and flit—
Would it were worthier of its awful price!
Therefore I'll head, or soon perchance I'll sit
In some deep hole of watery slush and ice,
And utter sentiments emphatic but not nice.

* * * * * * * * *

As the poem is evidently unfinished, it is highly probable that at this particular passage he attempted to cross, and not having been heard of since, undoubtedly perished in the attempt.—*A. D. Dubois in N. Y. Mercury.*

KILLED HIS MAN.—You have doubtless heard of Dr. Thompson, the waggish proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel, in Atlanta, Georgia. Well, once upon a time, two gentlemen (the one decidedly under the influence of a spiritual presence, and the other approximating the same condition) stopped at the doctor's hotel. In consequence of some extraordinary manifestations on the part of the "tightest" gent, he soon found himself "nigh unto a mass" with the doctor. His friend, however, carried him off before matters reached a crisis. After stowing him away, the friend returned, and accosting the proprietor, said very emphatically:—

"Sir, you have been treading upon dangerous ground, sir; that man is not to be tampered with, sir; do you know, sir, that he has killed his man, sir?"

"Killed his man!" says Thompson, with a voice like a thunder-clap, and a most intense expression of contempt upon his phiz: "by Jove! sir, let me inform you that I have practiced medicine for twenty years, and you mustn't attempt to frighten me with a chap that has only killed his man,' Bah! sir, it won't begin to do."

The fellow "*collapsed*," and forthwith settled his bill.—*Cor. Porter's Spirit.*

A VALID REASON.—Uncle Peter R., who flourished a few years ago among the mountains of Vermont a s an inveterate horse dealer, was one day called upon by an amateur of the "equine" in search of "something fast." The result is told as follows in the Northern Gazette:

"There," said Uncle P., pointing to an animal in a meadow below the house; "there, sir, is a mare yonder who would trot her mile in two minutes and twenty seconds, were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" cried his companion.

"Yes," continued Uncle Peter; "she is four years old this spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first rate mare; and she can go a mile in 2.20, were it not for *one thing*."

"Well, what is it?" was the query.

"That mare," resumed the jockey; "is in every respect a good piece of property. She has a heavy mane, switch-tail, trots fair and square, and yet there is *one thing* why she can't go a mile in 2.20."

"What in the Old Harry is it, then?" cried the amateur, impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time!" was the old wag's reply.

TOO OBLIGING BY HALF.—A very "particular Friend" is Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as anybody in Philadelphia knows; but as a business correspondent from the South didn't know. And "thereby hangs a tale."

This correspondent had directed his letter to "*Amos Smith, Esquire.*" Friend Amos replied punctually, and after despatching business matters, added the following paragraph:—

"I desire to inform you that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please to omit the word *Esquire*, at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail."

By the return of mail came a reply, directed, in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend, to

"*Amos Smith, without any tail*, Philadelphia."

TWO HARD DIVORCE CASES.—An Eastern lawyer writes us as follows: An Italian gentleman called at my office a short time since and inquired if he could get divorced from his wife. Now a divorce is not to be considered hastily, and I gravely said that I regretted that our laws *favored* divorces, and added that if he would inform me particularly in relation to the nature and extent of his grievance, I would advise him:

"In what particular has your wife disregarded her marriage vows?"

Italian—Well, 'Squire, to tell the truth, my wife don't know not'ing about cook'n',

I waited to learn what was coming next; and hearing nothing, I ventured to ask if that was all.

Italian—Yes, 'Squire; bating that she is the nicest little 'oman you ever see in your life.

I suggested to my distressed client that a divorce would cost forty dollars, and that he could teach his wife to cook for half the money.

"Bless you," rejoined the Italian, "I don't know not'ing about cook'n' *myself*."

"Then hire a cook to teach your wife."

Italian becomes silent and thoughtful. In a few minutes I asked, "How do you like my advice?"

Hearing no response, I looked around and discovered that he had "quietly stolen away."

There is a good *moral* to this, but I dare not suggest it, for fear of wounding the feelings of some of your "lady subscribers."

I related the foregoing to one of the justices of the Supreme Court of an adjoining state, and he told me that he was once consulted upon a Sabbath morning, by a rich merchant, concerning a divorce. The judge, who was then a practitioner, objected to doing any business whatever upon the Sabbath; but so urgent were the appeals of his friend, and so profuse his tears, that the judge consented to hear the history of his trials and the particulars of his afflictions.

Client—You know very well, Mr. S——, that I was upward of forty years of age when I married Miss B——; from which time I have not seen one day of real happiness! Perhaps I am somewhat to blame myself. Possibly the discrepancy of our ages may have had something to do with it; but Mr. S——, if you can only procure for me a divorce, I am willing that you should have half of my estate, and my wife may have the remainder.

Judge—Well, what is the particular "mode" by which you expect to procure a divorce?

Client—Well, Mr. S——, if you come to that, I suppose it must be told. You know my habits of life before marriage? Yes. Well, whenever now I go home and carry my papers into the library, and by the time I am fairly seated in my chair, in comes my—my wife—and—and sits right down in my lap! Augh! And then as if to tip her out of his lap, he stood up nearly erect with hands extended, as if fearing she would get back into his lap again before he heard the opinion of this learned counsellor on this point of law.

What a ridiculous old "spoon!"—*Knickerbocker.*

A LUCID NARRATIVE.—Billy Williams, the comedian, was one of the best-natured men alive. Burton, who delighted in quizzing Billy, once made some inquiries of him relative to a horse belonging to Mr. Hamblin, which seemed to arouse Billy, and he thus commenced his reply:

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse; you see, when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin, 'Tom, I wants an 'orse; I 'ave always been used to 'ave an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one."

"'Billy,' says he, 'you know Maxeppa, he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable.'

"So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on him."

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted him."

"What, mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse; and then I shook hands with him, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, 'ang it, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theatre but Tom 'Amblin, so I got off, and told the boy to hold him by the head."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the 'orse, and then we went and had a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and 'Amblin, and after that I mounted him again and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the 'orse; and when I got to Burnum's, who should be there but Tom Flynn—he'd taken another 'orse and rode out ahead of me, so I told the 'ostler to tie him up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, 'ang it, the 'orse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn. Now look here, Burton, every time I say 'orse, you say 'Amblin, and every time I say 'Amblin you say 'orse. Now I'll be 'anged if I tell you anything more about it."

Billy felt his dignity insulted, and no coaxing on the part of Burton could induce him to finish the recital.

LOFTY CONDUCT.—In the neighborhood where I once lived, a man and his wife were almost constantly quarrelling;—during their quarrels their only child (a boy) was generally present; and of course had caught many of his father's expressions.

One day, when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother, intending to chastise him, called him and said, "Come here, sir; what did you do that for?"

The boy, complacently folding his arms and imitating his father's manner, replied—

"See here, madam, *I don't wish to have any words with you.*"—*Boston Gazette.*

THE PRICE OF SLEIGH-RIDING.—A gentleman walked into a stable up town the other day, and asked the price of a horse and sleigh for four hours? "The price," said the livery man, pointing out a specimen, "is ten dollars an hour, but you can have it four hours for thirty-five."

"Thirty-five!" said the gentleman, quietly; "oh, my good friend, you misunderstand me; I don't want to *buy* the horse and sleigh, I only want to *hire* them!"

THE FOOT CORN-PLANTER.

Although this is not the season for planting corn, it is perhaps the most important period of the year for agriculturists to lay out their plans, and provide the implements, tools, &c., for their next season's labor. The accompanying figure illustrates the Foot Corn Planter of G. A. Meacham, of New York city.

This corn-planter is buckled on the foot. The operator carries the corn for planting in a small bag, suspended from his shoulder; the planter is connected to this bag by an elastic tube, through which the corn of seed is conveyed. The corn passes down the tube, and enters the small box, which has a small, top chamber, with a hinged inclined bottom; it measures the exact number or quantity of kernels of corn or seed to be admitted to a hill. When the right foot of the operator is raised to make a step, the corn has free access to the chamber. When the foot is down on the ground, to press the corn in the ground by the piston, the plunger is then pressed upwards, and its inclined hinged bottom forces upward and forward the corn for the next hill through a hole in the box, thence down a channel, through the foot piece, into the chamber. When the foot is lifted for the next step, the piston is withdrawn through the opening in the middle, and the corn for the next hill settles below the piston in the centre, therefore, when the foot is pressed down to plant the next hill, the piston carries the corn before it, thrusting it into the soil; and so on successively until the whole field is planted by the operator simply walking over it.

The weight of the operator coming upon his foot, does all the work, and a field of corn is thus planted as fast as a man can walk, and in perfect squares, when the fields is laid out for cultivating it by ploughing both ways, avoiding hoeing. It is thus well adapted for the western and southern country, where there are such large corn fields. Horse power planters cannot plant so accurately in squares. The foot-planter is simple and strong, and we are informed that it is not liable to get out of repair. From its simplicity it can be manufactured very cheap, and it is so small and compact, that it may be carried in the pocket of a man's coat. A patent was issued for it on the 10th of June last. More information respecting it may be obtained by letter addressed to the patentee, Geo. A. Meacham, No. 290 Broadway, New York.

Agricultural.

IRISH POTATO PEELINGS.—Some time in March last, a negro boy of ours was sent from the kitchen to the pig-pen, to throw in some of the raw peelings of the Irish potato. The boy picked out these peelings containing the eyes, and planted them in a fence corner.—When the frost cut ours down, the little *nigger* chuckled at his *tater patch*—frost never touch him. A short time ago, we saw the little fellow staggering under a load of something in a large basket on his head. He approached, showing a set of ivory, and with a knowing look, said:—"Just look here, massa Charles, see what I'se made from dem tater skins! beat your big taters all to smash." We looked in the basket, and to our astonishment saw near a bushel of as fine Irish potatoes as were ever raised in any country; they were of uncommon size and as mealy as a boiled chestnut. "Master!" says little woolly, "ain't you going to put it in the noosepaper, how little nigger make big taters from peelings in the fence corner, and beat he old master wid all his gwanner and gypsum?" We promised to put it in the "noosepaper," and here it is. "*White folks*" may take a lesson from the little negro's economy. There is many a fence corner that might produce a good crop of Irish potatoes.—*Soil of the South.*

PRODUCT OF AN ACRE.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, writing from Plainfield, Mass., says that he has raised on his farm forty bushels of good sound corn, one hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes, seven large cartloads of pumpkins, fifteen bushels of carrots, twenty bushels of turnips, three bushels of onions, forty cabbage heads, one bushel of beans; after using all he needed for his family, a lot of peas, and fifteen bushels of sugar beets—all on one acre in one year.

CUT BEAN POLES AND PEA BRUSH.—Both will keep much better if cut now, than when the sap is starting in the spring. The cedar swamps are now accessible, and a good stock may be laid in. Cedar poles are much more durable than birch and alder. All the articles that will be needed for the garden in the spring, should be provided now.—*Agriculturist.*

WORK TO BE DONE IN FEBRUARY.

Perhaps this, if any, may be called the farmer's month for leisure; still there is much which may, and much which must be done, for our seasons, like the tides, will not wait on lazy operators.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Bean poles should be prepared, labels, rods for tomatoes, for those who use them; the larger market gardeners do not use rods for tomatoes, as their culture is found to be more profitable without them. Manures for new hot-beds, composed of leaves from the woods and horse-manure, mixed together, and placed under cover, if not done in last month. Composts made previous to commencing spring ploughing and planting, so as to lose no time, should the spring prove early. If the weather be sufficiently mild, make and plant your hot beds in the latter part of the month, being careful not to plant them until the steam is well off, so as to leave your bottom heat not above seventy two degrees Fahrenheit. If your straw mats were not made last month for covering hot-beds, make them now—give air fine days to your autumn plantings in hot-beds.

Do not sow new hot-beds in frosty weather, you will gain nothing by over-haste; if the weather permit, you may commence sowing cabbage, egg-plant, lettuce, tomatoes, peppers, &c., but not during strong frost; those will do for your early plantings. Bridgeman recommends forcing asparagus, kidney beans, cucumbers; plant peas, (Cobbet and Bridgeman,) potatoes; sow radish seed in cold beds, well protected; plant broad beans, and sow cabbage seed. Give all your hot beds strict attention; see them well protected at night, and give air as often as practicable in the day time. Should any of your beds prove to be steaming, cover the necessary opening with some loose material, which will admit the escape of steam, without permitting the cold to check the beds or plants too suddenly, or to frost the plants if windy. If you have cauliflowers or broccoli of last year's growth heeled in for heading, give them full air by uncovering during the day, if not intensely cold, otherwise they will lose color, and show soiled leaves near the stalks. Cabbage stalks, from which the heads have been cut during the winter, and which were heeled in last fall should be fairly uncovered for sprouting, if you intend to have early cabbage sprouts; gardeners usually uncover a part of their cabbage stalks thus early, as if the sprouts succeed very early, they produce better profit.

Those who raise sweet potatoes, should try the following:—

SWEET POTATO SEED FROM THE BLOOM.—Collin Wood, in *The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil*, says that he has raised for three years past, sweet potatoes, of better quality than usual in the following way, viz:—

"The yam potato vine blooms in August: in about a month thereafter they form a pod; the seeds are then formed of about the size of sage seed and of the same color. The pod should be noticed and gathered when ripe, or else they will soon drop. In the spring at the usual time of sowing seed, I sow them in the same way I sow cabbage seed. They will not come up quite as soon, but will continue doing so through the spring. The plant is small and delicate in appearance, and should be drawn in a wet season, with a little dirt attached to it, and transplanted. The leaf and vine have a different appearance from the potato usually, and the potato will be found to grow larger and smoother than usual.

"I prefer this method after satisfactory practice to raise the potato, than any other."

ORCHARD.—Finish pruning apples, apricots, peaches, &c. Prune gooseberries, currants, &c., if not previously done. Apply a solution of one pound of Bleacher No. 1. Soda in one gallon of water, to the trunks and branches of fruit trees: this will destroy all mosses, (fungi) and many insects in embryo. Vines may still be pruned. Prepare grafts late in the month if the weather be mild.

HOT-HOUSE.—Admit the air freely during midday, when the weather permits.

Plant bulbs and other dry roots for succession; attend to bark beds.

Keep temperature during the day sixty, and at night, at forty five degrees.

Stir earth borders once each week—introduce flowering shrubs in pots for succession—continue to sow kidney beans in boxes—apply liquid manure to the roots of fruit trees in forcing, especially vines and figs—tobacco fumigation give weekly—watch seduously for the green fly and red spider.—*Landreth.*

GREEN HOUSE.—Admit air freely when practicable; cut away dead wood as it appears; keep temperature above thirty-two degrees; renew labels; finish pruning oranges, put mats over the glass in severe weather; change to larger pots where required; water often, but in small quantities.

MANURE OR COMPOST HEAPS.—Any compost heaps which have been recently made, and refuse to pass into heat, may be assisted by turning over and burying in them a quantity of heated bricks or stones; this will gradually throw them into fermentation.—*Working Farmer.*

HOT WATER FOR HOUSE PLANTS.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, writing of the management of house plants, says:

"The way to have healthy plants, is to shorten in all straggling growth, and remove every leaf and flower as soon as the least symptom of decay is perceivable, washing them occasionally with very warm water from the fine nose of a watering-pot held high above them, thus giving them the benefit of a warm shower at any time or place. But the thing of all others the most important, is to water them with hot water at all times; yes, hot to the touch, even beyond what is supposed to be prudent, until after the experiment—and it is only necessary to watch the result on the health and vigor of the plants, especially when in bloom, to be convinced of the 'grand specific.'"

The writer says he has fuchsias now in bloom, mere cuttings, about six inches in height, not one failing out of seven, or even more, cuttings planted in a single pot and watered with hot water. [We doubt the "grand specific." Let our readers try it cautiously, however, for themselves.]

PROTECTION TO SEED PEAS.—A correspondent of the London Gardener's Chronicle states that he has found a little powdered rosin sprinkled or dusted over peas when sown, to be a good protection against the depredations of birds and mice. Would not the same article be worth trying upon corn, where liable to be attacked by crows and vermin?

RE-GRAFTING OLD TREES.—The late George Olmstead, of Hartford, Ct., was very successful in grafting new tops into old trees. His rule was always to begin at the top, and graft one-third of the tree in each year—three years being thus required to complete the entire head. By grafting at the top first, the grafts are not shaded by the remaining branches; while the necessary reduction throws the sap into the remaining side limbs, and gives them vigor for grafting the next year. A tree *seventy-five years old* was successfully treated in this way. The fourth year afterwards it bore ten bushels of apples; the fifth year eight bushels; and the sixth year twenty-eight and a-half bushels.—*Country Gentleman.*

BUTTER.—If milch cows are fed with carrots in winter, the effect will be striking in the flavor and color of the butter. A fine color and good flavor can also be given to butter, by grating two or three middle-sized Orange or Horn carrots, press out the juice, then pour some hot water on them and press again; then take this juice and mix with a pint of new or sweet milk, and throw into the cream before churning.—This is sufficient for a churning of 10 or 12 lbs. We have also eaten delicious yellow butter in the midst of winter, which had been churned from *boiled cream.*—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOGS' HAIR.—This substance, which is generally allowed to go to waste where only a few animals are killed, is considered a valuable garden manure, especially for the bottom of celery trenches, to which plant it gives a tender and juicy stalk.

Useful Receipts.

FOR BALDNESS.—The celebrated physiologist, Baron Dupuytren, of Paris, devoted considerable attention to the causes of baldness and the means of checking its progress. He discovered a pomade, which bears his name, the receipt for which is as follows: Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides, in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent.—Rub this pomade well into the skin of the head, night and morning. In many cases, this application will arrest the falling out of the hair, by curing certain diseases of the skin.

TO KNIT HEELS OR SOCKS DOUBLE.—Skip every other stitch on the wrong side, knit all on the right, and you will have a double heel, that is doubly serviceable to the single ones.—*Cor. Ohio Cult.*

TO PRESERVE FRUIT BY PACKING.—As a proof of the value of sawdust as a non conductor, permit me to inform you that I have this year received a barrel of Newtown Pippins from the United States, and the Apples having been packed in mahogany sawdust, not a single Apple is damaged. For the last ten years I have received my annual barrel, but without the sawdust, and generally from one-fourth to three-fourths were positively rotten. [But don't use *Deal* sawdust for this purpose.]—*Cor. London Gardener's Chronicle.*

SORE THROAT.—Sweet oil and honey, a teaspoonful of each, boiled on a sheet of glazed letter paper, over a lamp, about three minutes; give a few drops of it well mixed and as cool as the patient can take it—Is a great relief for the extreme soreness of the mouth and throat, in scarlet fever. The above is not recommended as a cure for this disease, but in some cases where the throat and lungs were unable any longer to perform their wonted functions, it afforded timely relief, and probably saved the patient's life.

TO MAKE HARD CANDLES OF SOFT TALLOW.—I noticed a request, a short time since, for a receipt to make soft tallow hard. I send you one I know by experience to be good. To twelve pounds of tallow take half a gallon of water, to which add three table-spoonfuls of pulverized alum, and two of saltpetre, which heat and dissolve; then add your tallow and one pound of beeswax; boil hard all together, until the water evaporates, and skim well while boiling. It should not be put in your moulds hotter than you can bear your hand in. The candles look much nicer when the wicks are not tied at the bottom. It is not only a disagreeable task to cut the wick off, but it injures the moulds. Never heat your moulds to draw your candles in cold weather.

Perhaps it is not generally known that tallow from beeves fed on corn or grain, is much softer than when fed on grass or clover. Therefore, the tallow from grass fed cattle should always be selected for summer use, and the candles will always be hard with the addition of very little alum and beeswax. In very cold weather much less alum must be used, or they will crack so as to fall to pieces sometimes; and a third more of each should be used in very warm weather if the tallow is very soft. With a little management you can always have hard tallow for summer use where you make all your own candles.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Wheat makes excellent coffee. It can be had for three cents per pound, while imported coffee is sixteen.—Mixed, one-half wheat, the greatest lover of coffee would not discover the difference. We have often used clear wheat in our family, and think it excellent. It is certainly to be preferred to the extracts so commonly used; and is also useful to persons whose health will not allow them to use the other coffee. It should be well dried and roasted, or it will boil thick like starch. [Selected. Doubtful, but worth trying.]

AN IRISH LADY'S OPINIONS OF THE TREADWHEEL.—As the lady eyed that powerful machinery, she exclaimed, with an emphatic accent, "Ah, there they go—tread, tread—climb, climb—poor things! Be kind to them, Mr. Chesterton, and don't work them too hard!"—and, having pronounced that merciful ejaculation, she departed. A fortnight afterwards, the same lady revisited the prison, having had her favorite dog, worth £15, stolen, by a man then on the treadwheel. Turning to withdraw, she cast her eyes once more upon the rapidly revolving flywheel, and seemed to be hurried into her previous reverie, with, however, a very dissimilar sequence in her concluding reflections.—"Ah! there they go—tread, tread—climb, climb!" she exclaimed as before; and then, suddenly assuming the wildest energy, she continued, with outstretched arm and clenched hand, "work them to death! I don't care what you do to them, now they've got my dog!" Thus saying, she burst away fiercely from the gate, all her recent charity having evaporated with the disappearance of her dog.—*Chesterton's Revelations of Prison Life.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 12, 3, 4, 12, 18, 25, was an English poet.
My 23, 14, 18, 11, 17, 19, was an English poet.
My 23, 24, 19, 17, 11, was an Irish poet.
My 1, 2, 4, 24, was an American poetess.
My 5, 6, 10, 14, was an American political writer.
My 2, 18, 7, 11, 17, 24, 25, was a French historian.
My 12, 8, 25, 16, 21, 19, 23, was an American poetess.
My 20, 15, 17, 14, was an English historian.
My 13, 21, 17, 17, 8, 1, 15, 25, is an American scientific writer.
My whole is an American poetess and authoress.
CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 8, 2, is impregnated with salt.
My 2, 7, 3, is a colorless, elastic fluid.
My 3, 7, 4, 8, is a plant of the genus Oryza, and its seed.
My 4, 2, 1, 3, has often been tried in court, but never convicted.
My 5, 2, 3, is an aquatic implement.
My 6, when horizontal, is 1,000, when upright, but 10.
My 7, 4, 6, endures cold better than heat.
My 6, 3, 1, was a Christian 1856 years ago.
My whole is a pleasant little town in S. W. Missouri.
TIMOTHY.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a county in Ohio.
My 24, 13, 14, 7, 21, is a county in Indiana.
My 6, 14, 21, 18, 19, 21, is a county in Iowa.
My 2, 3, 21, 23, is a county in Iowa.
My 20, 19, 12, 8, 9, is a county in Iowa.
My 16, 12, 5, 4, 19, 13, 22, 11, is a county in Texas.
My 2, 1, 7, is a county in Iowa.
My 20, 9, 3, 15, 7, is a county in Illinois.
My whole is an English authoress of long standing.
MILOS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 4, 3, 25, 25, 18, is a county in Illinois.
My 4, 15, 25, 25, 6, 1, 2, 21, 21, 25, is a town in Illinois.
My 19, 14, 6, 8, is a town in Austria.
My 8, 5, 10, 18, 25, is one of the United States.
My 11, 25, 6, 8, is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 11, 12, 12, 20, 11, 25, 8, 11, 22, 8, 7, is a chain of mountains in the Russian Empire.
My 24, 15, 25, 6, 12, is a town in Austria.
My 20, 23, 15, 21, 18, is a town in Sardinia.
My 2, 8, 16, 19, 1, 5, 11, 11, 25, is a town in Virginia.
My 25, 15, 17, 25, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My whole is an Institution in one of the Southern States.
T. B. & W. M.
Girard, Ill.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In time of war the soldier's life
Is passed in watching and in strife—
Long marches, too, has he;
At close of day, weary and spent,
My *first* he does unto his tent,
Ere he can *rested* be.

Where terminate two roads in one—
Where rivers in each other run—
Where forest branches meet,
May be found, if rightly reckoned,
The first idea of my *second*;
With it some *people* eat.

The farmer tills the soil for wealth,
The exercise improves his health,
And fills his barns with food;
For housing which my *whole* is used
It does no harm when not abused—
But when it is—draws blood.
GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In my first the learned does delight,
My second crawls upon the ground;
My whole, from early dawn till night,
Learns what my first does expound.
Centre Hill, Pa. "LEYDEN."

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Deprive me of my 1st, and I become a word of unlimited use.
Deprive me of my 3rd, and I am what none can comprehend.
Deprive me of my 3rd and 4th, and I become a verb.
Reverse and deprive me of my 2nd, and I become an animal.
My whole, though dumb, is more powerful than the voice of kings, and more persuasive than the eloquence of Demosthenes.
J. BUEL.
Cloverdale, Ind.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a right-angled triangle, the sum of the base and altitude is 70 rods, and the area is six twenty-fifths of the square described upon the hypothenuse. Required the length of the three sides, and the area of the triangle?
O. LEONARD BALDWIN.
Laconia, Ky.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which is the most inquisitive letter of the alphabet? Ans.—Y.

☞ Why is the alphabet supposed to be a fighting character? Ans.—Because it has always got a black eye (I)

☞ Which is the longest letter in the alphabet? Ans.—O, because there is no end to it.

☞ Why is a butcher's cart like his boots? Ans.—Because he carries his calves there.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bread baked by the heat of passion.
A stone picked up in the road to happiness.
The razor that shaved a note.
The remaining fragments of a broken promise.
A hat for the head of navigation.
A draught of water from the fountain of love.
Some splinters of wood to kindle the fire of eloquence.
PLANET.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

"He that in the world would rise,
Must read the news and advertise."

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—A Brief Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, by John S Hart. PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.—Sir Isaac Newton, the Prince of Philosophers. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Washington. CHARADE.—Herring. CHARADE.—Capacity (Cap-a-city.) CHARADE.—Justice. RIDDLE.—Carpenter. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—8½ hours.

A DISCREET CLERGYMAN.—A Boston correspondent of the Salem Gazette, relates the following anecdote:

"At the house of an eminent though not aged D. D. in Boston, there was visiting a lady of brilliancy and accomplishment. A carriage drive before dinner was proposed for the clergyman, his wife, and the lady guests. The wife of the clergyman was prevented from being one of the party, and a chaise ride for the clergyman and the strange lady was concluded on. Whereupon, by direction of the clergyman, two chaises drove up at the appointed hour, into the hinder one of which the clergyman seated the lady, and handed her the reins, and then took his seat in the forward one, and thus in grave procession the two chaises proceeded each with its single occupant, through the streets of this and a neighboring city, till the reached the open country, and after a short and very refreshing drive, returned to the clergyman's house in the same demure and anim peachable order."